

Gift or Curse?

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Summary: Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes. Cover art by the wonderful RazzlePazzleDooDot

1. It's Winter

Prologue: It's Winter

****A/N:** Okay. Okay. Okay. So, this is an AU I'm writing for the movie 'Frozen'. It's dedicated to HTTYD because I saw Elsa and I just thought it'd make an amazing AU, Hiccup as Elsa. I know I cut out Anna completely, but I planned this story before even thinking about it. I realize I'm ruining the movie's message by doing this, but it's only the plot that I'm keeping from Frozen - not the message.**

* * *

><p>Hiccup Haddock squeezed his hands into fists, trying to ignore his father yelling outside his bedroom door. Ice was starting to glow on his bedroom window, a sure sign that winter was coming; but how much of winter would he actually see?<p>

Of course, he had very good reason for staying shut up in his house like a hermit all the time â€" but that was another story.

The bedroom door flew open and Hiccup gave a start, scrambling back as fast as he could.

"Dad, wait noâ€" but Stoick stormed in without waiting.

He surveyed the room, caught sight of the ice on the windowsill, and his eyes grew cold.

"It'sâ€¦it's not me," the five-year-old weakly whispered. "Iâ€¦I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to do itâ€¦"

"Stop it!" his father yelled, raising a hand to strike Hiccup on the face. "STOP IT RIGHT NOW!"

Hiccup flinched and dropped his head, waiting for the blow. "It's w-winter," he insisted in a quavering voice. "It s-snows in winter."

The blow came then, when he repeated the season's name, as it always did. A quick, careless smack on the face that his father could give him without even blinking. A swift slap that sent him tumbling to the ground, holding his face.

"IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!" Stoick howled. "STOP IT! MAKE IT STOP!"

"I can't," Hiccup whispered brokenly, inches away from sobbing. "It's not meâ€¦it's not meâ€¦I can'tâ€¦"

He could feel it rising up, a snake about to strike, his palms growing colder and colderâ€¦

'Get it together,' Hiccup chastised himself. 'Conceal it, don't feel it'.

His father's boot made harsh contact with his ribcage then and Hiccup gasped from the pain, the tears beginning to race down his cheeks now.

He could feel ice starting, could hear it creaking as it cloaked the windows but in his mindless terror, he could do nothing to stop it.

"STOP IT!"

"It's not me, it's not me!" Hiccup pleaded through his tears, earning him another swift kick. The ice creaked as it spread, coating not only the windows now, but also the next wall over in a thin sheet of ice.

"TAKE IT AWAY!"

"It's an accident!" Hiccup sobbed. "It's an accident!"

"UNDO IT!"

"I'mâ€¦I'm tr-trying!" And indeed, he was. Hiccup was focused so hard on trying to melt the ice that it only thickened, spreading around the whole room by now.

"UNFREEZE IT!"

"I c-can't!" Hiccup howled, hiding his face in his hands. The icicles came then, shooting down in a rapid blur, caging him in, forcing his father to step back.

"It's w-winterâ€¦" the five-year-old managed through his sobs. "It's winterâ€¦it was only an accidentâ€¦it was _winter_â€¦"

* * *

><p>The eight-year-old boy looked tired and he looked worn, Gobber decided as he stumbled to the door.<p>

"Hiccup?" Gobber asked. "Where's Stoick?"

The boy tensed slightly. "He's out."

Gobber looked the boy up and down again and struggled to think of something to say; the boy looked ragged and beaten; he looked at Gobber with eyes that had deep circles under them.

"Areâ€|you okay?" Gobber asked.

"Yeah," Hiccup replied tiredly, his voice growing quieter. "It's just winter that's got me down."

* * *

><p>His father glanced out the window, watching the snow piling up on the ground. He turned back to his son, hands clasped behind his back, feeling the familiar rage pulsating through his veins. His son had done wrong, and his son had to pay. "Stop it," he commanded angrily.<p>

"I can't," Hiccup replied tonelessly.

Stoick took a step forward, raising his hand threateningly and this got a response; Hiccup moved quickly away, his hands clenched into fists as he tried to stop the ice that threatened on the walls.

"It's your fault," Stoick accused. "You ruined this. Now make it better!"

"I can't!" A hint of anger and hopeless frustration entered Hiccup's tone.

Stoick curled his hand into a fist and let it hit Hiccup hard, on the side of the face. The impact sent the boy tumbling backward. He hit the front of his bed hard, clutching weakly at his face, looking up at his dad with betrayal speaking clearly in his eyes.

Even through the boy's small fingers, Stoick could see the mark he'd left rapidly becoming another bruise.

Hiccup gave a small, slightly choked sob, the emotion ripped from him when he didn't think he had any left. "It's _winter_."

* * *

><p>Stoick stood in the living room, his bags all packed, his Viking helmet on.<p>

Hiccup put his tightly fisted hands, covered by his long sleeves, behind his back.

Stoick hefted the bags on his shoulder, barely even looking at his son. When he'd reached the door, he simply turned and said, "Now

don't screw up again while I'm on this voyage. Conceal it, Hiccup. Conceal it and don't feel it."

Hiccup nodded.

Stoick exited the house.

2. Conceal, Don't Feel

Gift or Curse?

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Chapter 2: Conceal, Don't Feel

A/N: So, yeah. The next part...

**Um, this is kind of similar to the movie, but also I put my own spin on it. I loved Frozen, yes and this is not me knocking it by changing it. I just wanted to see what would happen. **

* * *

><p>Three months later

Hiccup Haddock awoke with a start. He was in bed and it was only early morning; he didn't really have to get up yet.

As he rolled over to go back to sleep, he caught sight of the walls. They were covered in ice, he realized, with a burst of shame at his lack of control.

As he sat up, rubbing his head, he struggled to remember if anything had upset him last night. Sure, it could've been one of those nightmares "but those dreams were only ever bad enough to make him wake up screaming, turning the floor into his own personal skating rink.

The whole room was an ice fortress. He reached over and pulled on his boots and his vest. As he slid his arms through the armholes, he noticed that even his bed had icicles hanging off the edges.

He stood, unsteady on his feet, leaning on the bedpost. Should he even go out of the house today, as unstable as he was?

And that's when he remembered why he had been so upset last night. He couldn't get by being the village screw-up or the village hermit any longer; his dad was to be coming home soon. And that meant that the people in the village, the husbands and wives and children of the men and women that had left would be in the mood to celebrate. And naturally, they'd expect Hiccup to be in the same kind of mood.

Well, he wasn't. His dad's homecoming meant being hit for speaking his mind and getting beaten every day, every morning a reminder of his mother, living in constant fear and anguish, making sure his

hands were always covered, making sure he never looked anybody quite in the eye.

He wasn't happy that his dad was coming. He wasn't in the mood to celebrate and he was sure that a celebration was going to happen later that night.

He sank back down on the bed, wanting nothing more than to lay down and sleep. But, if he slept, he reminded himself, Gobber might come. And he just couldn't allow anybody to see the ice on his walls.

Gobber had come over a number of times since Stoick had gone. Each time he came, he did it out of worry for Hiccup, being shut up in his house all the time with nobody to talk to. He thought maybe the boy was getting lonely and so he saw him whenever he could, sometimes even staying until late into the night.

These visits always panicked Hiccup, who had never had to deal with people before â€" not in this manner, when all they wanted was to make sure he was okay. The visits stressed him and as a result, the ice on his walls grew even thicker than before until they became a permanent part of the wall.

He rose slowly from the bed and crossed the room. He could deal with people if he didn't have to speak with them one-on-one â€" and at parties, nobody paid much attention to him. But Gobber would notice. He would notice if Hiccup wasn't there and physically drag the boy down to the docks to give Stoick a "proper homecoming".

The last thing Hiccup wanted was that.

He reached out a hand for his door, leaving a thin coating of ice on the knob as he twisted it; his anxiety was throwing his powers even more out of control than they usually were.

He pulled his sleeves down farther, curling his hands into fists, trying to kill the sudden swell of power.

"Conceal it," he murmured as he reached the door. "Don't feel it."

He gently pushed open the door and stepped out into the boiling summer air and breathed in deep, feeling sweat start on his brow, running down the side of his face.

He walked slowly out of his yard, telling himself sternly that he'd better get used to the hustle and bustle of the village â€" there'd be such a celebration tonight and he had to be prepared. He hated crowds and he knew if his frustration got the best of him, he might accidentally give the people of Berk a very early winter.

He took a deep breath. He was in control. He was in complete controlâ€|.he hoped.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup, come help me with this banner!" Gobber called later that evening. A few early stars twinkled in the night sky and fireflies buzzed under the still pink clouds of evening. Hiccup raced across

the grass and reached the blacksmith, who was struggling with one side of an enormous banner.<p>

Hiccup pursed his lips as he yanked up the other end, standing on tiptoe to tack up the end. As he glanced down to make sure his end was completely straight, he saw the words written in bright red on the front of the banner:

WELKOM HOM.

Vikings were not known for their spelling and of course this was supposed to spell, 'Welcome home'. Somehow, the fact that there was even a banner made it seem all the more real to Hiccup. The little freedom he always managed to gain whenever Stoick was away was about to come to an abrupt end.

"Are you alright?" Gobber asked him quietly. "You haven't been yourself lately."

Hiccup's hands slipped on the edge of the banner and he almost wanted to laugh. As if Gobber knew who his real self was. And then he spotted a small snowflake forming in his palm and he clenched his hands into fists.

"I'm alright," he replied evenly, fussing with the banner so he wouldn't have to look at Gobber.

Gobber stopped his own work to look at the boy for a long second. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, Gobber." His tone was suddenly sharp. "I'm fine."

"You're just alone so often," Gobber persisted.

"Gobberâ€"

"Are you lonely because of your father?"

Hiccup stiffened slightly. "No."

"Well, it's just, he's never been away this long and you're getting sadder and sadder andâ€"

"I get it, Gobber." Hiccup spat out the words, practically ripping the banner right back off as he yanked his hand away from it. _Conceal, don't feel._

A great whoop spread from the front of the crowd. "They're here!"

"They're here?" Gobber dropped his half of the banner and grabbed Hiccup's arm, dragging him out to the docks. "C'mon!"

"Gobberâ€" Hiccup tried to protest.

"C'mon, c'mon!" Gobber coaxed, tightening his grip. It reminded Hiccup of all the times Stoick had grabbed him like this, tightening his grip until the boy cried out and a little bit of panic entered Hiccup's frustration.

He tried to break away, but his strength was such that Gobber didn't even notice. He kept right on barreling forward and Hiccup locked eyes with his father for the first time in months. The cold look in the man's eyes told him without words that a beating was overdue.

Hiccup tensed, suddenly rigid and he could feel the hand Gobber held growing colder and colderâ€|

No, please, not hereâ€|no pleaseâ€|

The ice shot out from his palm and he couldn't stop it. It created a small ring on the ground and Gobber slipped as he ran to greet the men. He fell on his butt, looking down at the ice patch in confusion. "It's midsummer," Hiccup distinctly heard him mumble. Stoick's eyes had traveled from the fallen Gobber to Hiccup and, panicking, Hiccup offered Gobber his hand, determined to show Stoick that it was an accident, not him, not him, not himâ€|

Gobber reached up to accept Hiccup's hand, but the ice spiraled out again, shooting into another blast on the ground, this time with little spikes lining the area. Gobber stared at it in horror and the people around began to whisper.

Hiccup stared in horror as his father came nearer and nearer to him; he tried to push through the crowd, but some blocked his way, whispering about him, trying to ask him something.

"Sorcerer!" hissed one Viking.

"MONSTER!"

"FREAK!"

"I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU, BOY!"

"Let me out!" Hiccup commanded, as harshly as he could and, when they didn't, he willed the ice to come. He sent spikes raining down on every last person who stood in his way, anger and frustration and choking, panicky terror fueling him.

Snow dripped down on his head and he swiped it out of his eyes. He twisted his hand in the motion that he knew would cause the ice to come. It cloaked the ground and spiraled up into the air, freezing people in their places or sending icicles raining down upon them, caging them in.

He could hear Stoick yelling after him and the fear fueled him, giving his feet wings. Stoick had the snow and slippery ice and crowd to deal with; Hiccup had just broken free and he had none of that to contend with. He reached the edge of the shore, only water spreading before him. Dark water, cruel water. It would drag him under, the waves were so rough from the weather.

He looked down at himself, hearing his father's shouting increasing in volume. In a blind panic, he willed the ice to come again, not from his hands this time â€" from his feet. When he felt the sole of his foot growing colder, just like his palms had so many times before, he stepped out into the open ocean on a patch of ice. He raced on, over the water, letting the ice carry him, the anger and

fear keep him going.

He disappeared into the night, leaving his father yelling from the shore, screaming obscene curses. He put one foot on the ice and it cracked, sending the man plunging into the ocean. And maybe Hiccup had instigated that, too.

3. Discipline

Gift or Curse?

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Chapter 3: Discipline

**A/N: Yeah. I don't know, okay? I guess I just wanted to do this before the 'Let it Go' sequence. Sorry it's short :P **

* * *

><p>Gobber watched Hiccup disappearing in the night, the creaking of the ice growing fainter and fainter. He could only stare after him; how could Stoick the Vast, O Hear His Name and Tremble, haveâ€|haveâ€|have kept this a secret? From his own village!<p>

Sorcery! Sin! Secrecy! A thousand words to describe what he had just witnessed raced through his mind and he ran through his last conversation with the boy.

"_Are you alright? You haven't been yourself lately."_

"_I'm alright."_

"_Are you sure?"_

"_Yes, Gobber. I'm fine."_

"_You're just alone so often."_

"_Gobberâ€|_"_

"_Are you lonely because of your father?"_

"_No."_

"_Well, it's just, he's never been away this long and you're getting sadder and sadder andâ€|_"_

Gobber closed his eyes. Hiccup had probably been struggling with the desire to turn him into ice shards by that point.

How could Stoick have done this? How could Hiccup have done this? Stoick, after all, was their chief, their confidante, and their defender. And how could Hiccup have done this? The snow was still falling thickly over the scene and Hiccup was becoming harder and

harder to see across the dark water.

Gobber looked at Stoick worriedly; what was going to happen now?

* * *

><p>He'd always been an odd boy, Astrid thought to herself as she watched him disappear. Always so odd, so quiet, so shy " so unwilling to mix with other people.<p>

That started to make sense now as she gazed out after him into the night. And then she turned her attention to the weather.

The snow was falling thick and fast and the people, having dressed in thin clothes due to the warm weather, were starting to shiver. Astrid wasn't sure what to make of the sudden winter spell; would it fade the farther away Hiccup got from the island or would it continue on? She shivered a little, wrapping her arms around herself, sneaking a few peeks at Stoick's thundercloud scowl. No doubt about it, that scowl meant nothing good.

* * *

><p>Stoick hauled himself out of the ocean, dripping wet, shaking with cold and absolutely furious. He couldn't believe his son. Was he so weak he couldn't control himself for a few hours? Was he so stupid that he thought he could show off his powers in front of Stoick " in front of the whole village, in fact " and not expect punishment? Stoick had never raised the boy like this. He'd taught him with a firm hand that he was never to use his powers, not after the blizzard he'd caused that had killed Val the way it hadâ€|<p>

He just knew the boy had been behind that, that he was behind this eternal winter, hoping to repeat what he'd done ten years ago. Well, Stoick was going to teach him that was wrong. The boy was going to learn. And he was going to learn quickly.

He glanced around at his shivering people for a second and his anger subsided slightly. He had to be a chief first " and then he could deal with Hiccup.

4. Let it Go

Gift or Curse?

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Chapter 4: Let It Go

**A/N: Well, here's the next chap :D **

* * *

><p>The ice shot along into the night, growing faster than Hiccup had ever believed possible, thick and fast and strong as the snowstorm he had left behind.<p>

He could feel sweat still running down his brow and he wiped at it frantically, thinking fearfully of Berk. Would they send people after him? Would Stoick come after him?

He didn't think about where he was going. He just _ran._

When he reached the island he didn't even know he had been heading for, he found it to be an uninhabited place. He sank down gratefully onto the sand, feeling the grit beneath his palms. He lay back on the shore, feeling the power surging through him, along with anger and fear and frustration. Would his father find him? What would happen?

He jumped up and started pacing, unable to stand not knowing, running through every possible scenarios in his mind.

"It's all your fault!" Stoick howled. "STOP IT, STOP IT!" he raised a fist and Hiccup flinched back.

Hiccup looked down at his hands. All his life, he'd had to shut people out and lie. He'd had to take every beating his father gave him without question, never let anyone in, never let them see, conceal, don't feel. He had never once considered that there would ever be a time in which he could use his powers without fear; could he really do it without being told off or beaten later?

"Don't let them in, don't let them see," he repeated to himself quietly, using his father's favorite expressions for this secret. "Be the good boy you always have to be. Conceal, don't feel. Don't let them know."

He slowly pulled up one sleeve, freeing his hand and staring down at it; could he do it? Did he have the courage?

He half expected his father to swoop down on him where he sat, breathing fire and dragging him all the way back to Berk, screaming the whole way there. And when they got back, he'd beat him, he'd do it until he was black and blue and sobbing, sobbing, just begging for the man to stop. He'd do it until tears ran down Hiccup's cheeks and the ice was all around the room. He'd do it until Hiccup begged for mercy and even then, he'd keep doing itâ€|

Hiccup tried to shake off the thoughts; the mere idea was so upsetting that a light snowfall had begun.

"Well, now they know, Dad." Hiccup whispered, letting a small snowflake form in his palm.

He opened his other hand, pulling the sleeve down, trying to assemble his thoughts. He let a blast of ice form, living and dying in his hand and it suddenly occurred to him that he had nobody. Nobody to answer to. No rules, no expectations. No instructions. No right, no wrong. He could do anything he wanted. His father was far away and so were all the people he could risk hurting, just like he'd hurtâ€|his motherâ€|

He closed his eyes as he thought of her. Tonight wasn't going to be like that day, though, he insisted to himself. He had better control and it was midsummer. It hadn't been he that had done it to her; the

blizzard had been doing it from the start.

He couldn't let thoughts like these cripple him.

He raised his hands up again, inspecting them. "I'm going to let it go today," he whispered to himself. "Let it go."

He raised a hand and brought more snow falling down, thicker and faster, but not so fast that it would hinder his work. It was quicker than he had expected, though and he glanced down at his hands worriedly. He shook it off and smiled into the sky, letting the snow sting his face. Did it matter if he lost control? He was alone; he couldn't hurt anybody with this and that was the way it should be.

"I can't hold it back anymore, Dad," Hiccup mumbled and suddenly he wasn't sure whether he was speaking to his father or not anymore; did he dare speak to him this way?

But it didn't matter. His father wasn't around to hear him. He didn't care what anyone said anymore.

He glanced around at the snowy landscape, wondering what else he should do. After a few minutes, he found himself marveling at the way the fears that had controlled him his whole lifeâ€|they couldn't get to him anymore. He let out a joyful laugh, thinking of all the times he'd lied whenever winter came around, told everybody around him it was just winter that had got him down, it was just the coldâ€|

The only reason he had ever hated winter was because that was when his father's beatings grew worse. He had dreaded the end of autumn, knowing what it would bring and now he didn't have to worry about that anymore. No more beatings, no more lies, no more excuses for the bruises on his faceâ€|and the cold never bothered him anyway.

His vest was starting to grow too warm on him, even in the light snowfall and so he did the thing that came naturally; he slid his arms out of the sleeves and took it off. He let it fall into a soft snow pile, kicking fresh powder over it, burying it. It was part of his life on Berk, and he decided that right then and there, he didn't want anything to do with Berk. He was starting a new life, here and that was all that mattered.

He ran from the vest, looking around at the snowflakes, drinking in the sightâ€|

Without even thinking of what he was going to form, he threw his hands out, calling forth his power, letting it out, letting it goâ€|

Halfway through, his thought turned to a staircase made of ice and it came out, rather sloppily, and covered in more snow and ice than was necessary, as the thought had only been half-formed.

He ran up to the staircase, taking in every inch. This was his handiwork. He had made this. Nobody was judging him for it. This staircase was the start of his new life. He put one foot on the first step, feeling that surge of power again. From here on out, things could only get better.

He raced up the steps, throwing his arms out as he ran, feeling the ice leaving his hands as he did, making him feel a slight jolt. The power had been untouched for so long that it felt a little scary to be using it. He would get used to it, he assured himself. Everything would be fine.

He formed a railing for the staircase, stretching it, longer and longer, just enjoying the feeling of power, the feeling that, for a moment, things would be alright. This was the best moment of his life.

He arrived at the top of the staircase, the very peak, and, looking down at the near vertical staircase he had formed, he decided his work on that particular item was done.

He turned his attention to his more practical thoughts; sure, it was great fun to be using his powers and everything, but what about his home? Where would he sleep and where would he live? Would he just live on this island, at the top of this staircase?

No, he decided. He would have a defense mechanism, something that would alert him to any unwanted visitors. His father wasn't getting to him anytime soon. He had the power of a whole season on his side. No more beatings, no more bruises, no more lies. No more concealing. No more not feeling.

He slammed his boot down on the ground, hard, icing over the whole ground in one move. Boy, was he glad these islands were uninhabited. He breathed in deep and opened his hands. Ice streamed out in a purple and blue and white glow, sparkling and winking in the night air from the stars. He squeezed his eyes tighter shut in concentrationâ€|

Good. Now make a couple icicles on the overhang, just in case anybody tries to stop byâ€|that'll be your defenseâ€|

Now make the doors just a little bit tallerâ€|you want to be alone, rememberâ€|

When he opened his eyes, he was exhausted but happy with his work. The castle was even better than he had imagined in his mind and he smiled, walking out in a daze to the railing that overlooked the whole island, the ocean, his staircaseâ€|everything.

He could see any ships that were to approach for miles. He walked slowly back inside, looking down at his clothes. They were stained with dirt and grime and they spoke too clearly of Berk.

He opened his hands, letting the ice stream out again, but this time, he let it fall onto his boots, constructing himself new ones, ones made of ice and snowâ€|

Armor made entirely of ice, he thought as he worked, staring down at himself in concentration. Icicles on the shoulders, sticking straight up like spikes. Thick, defensive armor. Tight shoulder pads that defended against any enemy's attack. A way to defend himself. Nobody could hurt him anymore. Let them try to raise their hands against him â€" let them try. He had a way to defend himself now and he wasn't afraid to use it.

5. Just in Case

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Chapter 5: Just in Case

**A/N: I guess I did this because I wanted everybody to see life on Berk and how Astrid is dealing with it, I guess? I have chapter 6 already written, I just have to go back and touch it up a little as I wrote it before I wrote this chapter. I hope to see you all again soon! Astrid is a very slippery character to write, so I'm not sure how well I grasped her. I know she's definitely gonna go there and fall back on Viking aggression. **

* * *

><p>Astrid Hofferson stared down at her axe, a frown tugging at the corners of her lips. It wasn't the face reflected back at her in the rusty metal that displeased her; it was the conversation she was hearing from inside the forge.<p>

"â€|Always knew he would do this," her chief fumed from the other side of the door. The heavy footsteps pounding back and forth would've been a result of his incessant pacing; he'd been doing that a lot since his son had disappeared.

Astrid sighed, lowering her axe as she thought of it. His son. Her once best friend. Her once only friend. And she had once been his only friend, too.

She had always remembered their final conversation with hurt and then anger that spawned from the hurt and then bitterness that spawned from the anger. As a result, she had never quite gotten over everything that had happened between them.

There had been a time when they were inseparable. They did everything together â€" she vainly tried to teach him how to throw an axe and he had vainly tried to teach her to draw. And then, one day, he had just shut her out. No explanation. No hello when they passed each other on the streets. No more secret smiles and winks and jokes shared between just the two of them. Nothing but silence from his end. Silence, never meeting her eyes, speaking in a formal and detached way whenever she tried to ask him what was wrong.

She glanced down at her axe again as she thought of it and when she caught her reflection in the metal she was surprised to see her face was sad. She thought she'd gotten rid of the last of the sadness a couple years back, after he'd dumped her, but that clearly wasn't the case. Things were finally starting to make sense about him now, and the last thing she wanted to do was think about their previous friendship. In the end, was she still interested in being friends with him? What if he was dangerous?

No, she thought to herself firmly. _Whatever he is, he's not

dangerous. _

"What could you possibly say that would get him to come back?" Gobber was asking tiredly. Astrid didn't want to hear any more of the conversation, wanted to block it out completely, but the words attacked her ears. "He's never coming back here, Stoick."

"I'll _make_ him." Stoick's voice was low and dangerous.

There was a short, eerie silence.

"No." Gobber said suddenly. "No, Stoick, you _can't_"

"Pain is the only language a monster can understand." Stoick snarled.

"Hiccup is not" Gobber began indignantly, but he couldn't finish before Stoick interrupted.

"Look around. Our island is trapped in an eternal blizzard; our people are dropping like flies; nothing is showing any sign of relenting" there was a short pause. "Tell me now that he's not a monster."

"I'm going out to find him," Stoick continued harshly, when Gobber offered no response. "Unless you've got any better ideas."

Another silence. A silence in which an idea began to take shape in Astrid's mind.

"You won't hurt him." Gobber said firmly, confidently; but how deep did that confidence run? Astrid found herself wondering. "That's your son."

"Watch me." Stoick sneered.

Astrid barely had time to slip off to the side before the door rattled loudly and at last flung open. As Stoick stomped out, Astrid took a breather, peeking into the forge to see Gobber, looking a little shell-shocked at Stoick's last few words.

He stared blankly after the chief, as if waiting for the man to say it was all a big joke.

Astrid quietly cleared her throat to announce her presence. Gobber jumped slightly, turning to her and hitching a smile on his face. "Hey, lass. Need your axe sharpened?"

She considered it for a brief second; she didn't really need it sharpened, but if she got it sharpened, it would give her an excuse to talk with him about what she'd just heard. "Yeah. Here."

She handed her axe off to the blacksmith and he stumped over to the grindstone.

She raised her voice to be heard over the screech of metal on stone. "So, what do you think?"

"What do I think of what?" Gobber asked, turning his attention away from the axe to talk with her.

"Aboutâ€¦you knowâ€¦" she gestured with her hands. "Everything." She wasn't normally one to gesture; Hiccup was the one to awkwardly play with his hands as he talked, but she found herself more willing to do it now that she wasn't quite sure how to proceed with her present conversation.

His mouth dragged down at the corners. "About Hiccup." he guessed shrewdly.

Astrid dropped her gaze to the wooden floor; again, shyness was so unlike her. "Anybody would be worried about him."

"No, Astrid." Gobber corrected. "Anybody would be afraid of him right now."

"But Hiccup isn't dangerous," Astrid insisted.

"Can you prove that?"

Astrid was silent for a long second. In fact, her silence lasted so long that Gobber finished sharpening her axe, the shriek of metal on stone died away at last and he stumped over to her to hand her the axe.

She looked up at him, but she didn't take it. "I can prove he's not dangerous. If one of us could only find him and bring him back to Berk to get him to stop thisâ€¦then nobody would think he was dangerous anymore, and the winter would be over."

Gobber made a noise of protest.

"What?" Astrid looked up at him, her heart nearly beating right out of her chest. "Don't you see, it's perfect! I could help Berk and remove their silly fear at the same time!"

"There are a lot of holes in that."

"Yes," Astrid sighed. "I can see it's going to take some planning already, obviously. I mean, I don't even know where he is, butâ€¦I was only thinkingâ€¦" she stole another glance up at Gobber. "We were friends, don't you remember? I was only thinking that maybe, maybe he might listen to somebody he knows."

Gobber frowned thoughtfully. "It's a good idea," he began hesitantly, "but the one thing you'd need to do is clear it with Stoick. Oh, and pick a few people to go with you. Just in case," he added.

Astrid nodded, gently taking her axe from Gobber's hands. "Thanks."

Just in case. Just in case.

The word echoed in her head until Astrid began worrying that maybe it meant something; did Gobber think Hiccup was dangerous, too?

A little bit of doubt began to creep up on Astrid's certainty. Was he dangerous?

6. In Solitude

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 6: In Solitude

**A/N: So. This is the next chapter. This is posted very soon after chapter five purely because I wrote this one before chapter five, it was supposed to be chapter five and the content of chapter five wasn't here. However, I made the decision that people should know what was going on on Berk while Hiccup enjoyed his freedom and so chapter five got really changed. **

**I doubt anybody realizes who Johann is supposed to be from Frozen, so I'll just spill the beans right now: he was supposed to be that guy who ran the shop and was like, 'big summer blowout!' xD I loved that guy. He was literally amazing. I wish you'd gotten to see more of him xD **

**I highly doubt Kristoff or Hans or the Duke of Weaseltown will ever appear in this story - like, I mean, somebody to take Hans' place or Kristoff's place. I mean, some of the people in this story will mimic certain people's actions. Like, for instance, Astrid mimics a couple of Anna's actions in one of the next few chapters, Hiccup mimics some of Elsa's, Stoick mimics some of Hans', some of their parents...etc, etc. And Gobber probably is the closest thing to Kristoff you guys are gonna get xD **

* * *

><p>Hiccup groaned as the light of the sun shone on his face. "Go away," he muttered to no one in particular. "Let me sleep. I'm too tired to deal with this."<p>

The sun beat down relentlessly on the boy's face. Hiccup covered his eyes with his arm, turning away to block it out. He wondered idly if his clothes would melt in the light of the sun. He had never actually considered that before. It would be awkward to wake up just an hour or so later and find that he was completely naked.

It was this thought, above all, that forced him to get up and check his clothing to make sure it wasn't melting.

"Now that I'm up, there's no point in trying to go back to sleep," he murmured; he'd always had a habit of talking to himself and it came out more prominently in the mornings. He went over to the window and looked out, leaning on the sill and smiling into the sun that warmed his face. "Good morning," he chirped cheerfully to an imaginary person and then he spun around and started for his castle doors, smiling to himself.

He ripped open the huge doors, admiring the snowflake imprint on them that he'd never actually meant to put there, and then skipped down the steps, smiling at nothing and at everything.

For many days, Hiccup had stayed locked away in his tower, testing his powers, pushing his limits to see just how far he could go. And every night, he collapsed into bed, exhausted and worn, but pleased with the day's work.

As for his fortress, he was constantly adding things onto that; an extra staircase when he discovered something new he could do. The railings of stairways were good to practice on.

Every morning, he would descend from his fortress, run joyously down the stairwell and use his icicles to catch fish. His ice often made it hard to start fires, but he persisted anyway.

This morning was the morning that changed his routine.

As he descended the staircase, he spotted a ship out on the water, heading slowly towards the island.

He felt a bolt of sharp fear run through him and he started to run back up his staircase, his hands slippery with sweat on the railing. He would lock the doors and bolt them andâ€|

But wait. He paused, halfway up the stairwell, and took another cautious peek at the ship coming his way and nearly laughed with relief. The ship wasn't from Berk. The sail bore no crest. He was safe. He was okay.

He took his hands away from the railing and they were shaking rather badly, for despite his brave talk, he really was terrified that the people of Berk would come for him and he would be rendered defenseless, just like he always wasâ€|

His hand found the stairwell's railing again, gripping it rather tightly as he tried to steady himself.

But then, if these people weren't from Berk, who were they and why would they be visiting his island? Should he freeze the water and not allow the boat to come any closer?

No, he decided reluctantly, looking down at his hands. A frozen sea would raise eyebrows.

He nervously anticipated who it might be. He stood there for a few minutes more, trying to decide what to do. By the time he had decided to see who was on the boat and what they wanted, the ship had already reached shore.

He reached the beach just at the same moment that the person on the boat did and looking at him, Hiccup realized he knew this stranger.

Trader Johann had come to Berk often, willing to trade his goods from around the world with the people of Berk. He had never seen Hiccup before, for Stoick had locked Hiccup away in his room every time Johann came. But Hiccup had watched longingly from his window and now recognized the trader.

Johann smiled at Hiccup in a welcoming fashion. "Hello, hello." he greeted cheerfully, "are you from the new tribe?"

"What new tribe?" Hiccup looked mystified.

"Well, when I left the Archipelago this island was uninhabited. When I came back, I saw the castle." he motioned to Hiccup's ice palace and continued, "I assumed a new tribe had sprung up."

"Oh, no, no new tribes," Hiccup responded. "It's just me."

"Hmm." Johann looked up at the castle, his eyes agleam with admiration for the artwork. "Who helped you make it?"

"Oh, you know, people here and there," Hiccup shrugged.

"You live all alone here?"

Hiccup nodded.

"It looks lonely," Johann commented.

Hiccup knew the trader's comment was not intended to wound, but his tone still came out sharper than the last time. "I wanted to be alone."

Johann tapped a finger on his chin in thought.

"Understandable."

"Now," he continued suddenly, "for the real reason I came." he offered Hiccup a small grin. "I like to welcome new tribes by offering them a chance to see my goods. Would you like to?"

"Oh, no, thank you," Hiccup shook his head. "I don't have anything to trade with."

"It's alright." Johann chuckled and then bent down to Hiccup's height, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Between you and me, you seem like a nice lad and I'll let you have something for free. But we can't go around talking about that!" he drew away from Hiccup and stood up again, letting out a chuckle. "It would ruin my whole reputation!"

Hiccup laughed a little, surprised by how quickly he had come to like this man and how easy it was to conceal his powers around him. He hadn't had to hide them for days, that was true; but they came so naturally to him, he expected it to be harder to hide them, if ever need be.

"It's alright." he told him. "I doubt there would be anything on your ship that would interest me."

"Why don't you come aboard and see?" wheedled Johann.

Ten minutes later, aboard the man's ship, Hiccup examined table after table of goods.

"Funny, you know this island," Johann frowned. "It's only summer and it's snowing."

Hiccup's grip slipped on the sword he had been looking at; he quickly set it up again the way Johann had it. "Oh, well, you know how it is. It likes to snow year-round."

"Really?" Johann's frown deepened. "You aren't the only one, then. The people of Berk, now, they're in a real deep freeze right about now. It's a real howler for July."

The spyglass in Hiccup's hand fell to the floor and shattered. He kicked the broken spyglass beneath a table before Johann could see it. "Oh. That sounds interesting."

"And the people seem so upset," Johann barreled on, unaware of how ill-at-ease he was making his customer. "I mean, that chief has always been a little, how shall we say it, stoic." Johann chuckled at his own joke. "Still," he continued, suddenly serious again, "he seemed much different the last time I saw him."

"Different like how?" Hiccup asked nervously, despite insisting to himself that he did not care.

"Well, I'm not really sure it's my place to go spilling all of his personal business," Johann said thoughtfully, rubbing at his goatee.

"Did he seem angry?" Hiccup's voice was shaking and barely above a whisper.

"Well, now, he did seem a little," and then Johann cut Hiccup a suspicious look. "Why?"

"Um, uh, just, just curious." Hiccup flinched inwardly at Johann's disbelieving look, but the trader didn't press him.

"I shall take my leave now." Hiccup tried for a calm, controlled tone.

Johann nodded. "Nice talking with you."

"Same," Hiccup responded politely, walking slowly from the ship. As he stepped back out onto shore, feeling a kind of calmness flow through him now that he knew the trader was leaving soon, he also realized part of him was dying to stay and hear more about Berk.

"You're not careful out there, you're gonna catch frostbite and then, well, speaking of the people of Berk," Johann called down, poking his head out to look down at Hiccup.

Hiccup froze, his hands shaking, his heart beating too fast. "Alright. Thank you for the tip."

He walked swiftly away from Johann's boat, feeling a slight sense of guilt start chewing on him. Had he really set off an eternal winter? He ran up the stairs leading to his fortress, letting his cloak catch the wind and fly out behind him in a streak of sparkling periwinkle.

He came to a stop at the top of his staircase, the door of his castle, taking a quick breather. He rested a palm on the stair railing, watching ice sparking feebly on his palms; he didn't have enough focus to use it.

He slowly pushed open the door to his fortress, slipping quietly inside the ice foyer and staring around at the maze, the staircases and hallways and mirrors. A castle of isolation and he was officially the king.

He sank down onto the floor, his back against the door, burying his head in his hands. Just when it seemed things could be okay, when he could finally be free, he realized he was a fool and that he could never be free. He couldn't do it anymore. He couldn't do it anymore.

His breathing was coming fast and shallow as he leaned back against the door, listening to the echoes of his noises bouncing back, coming back to him, half-remembered and soon to be forgotten. It was only him in this little castle. He had no one to turn to about this.

And just like he deserved. He'd wanted to be alone. He was making himself less and less possible to love or even tolerate, every hour, every minute, every day.

He dropped his head on his knees, feeling tears beginning to build up in his eyes. After all he had done, all the times he'd lied, this was what it was to come to? Him forced into solitude, exiled by his only tribe, living in constant fear of his father and with a complete inability to use his power? More concealing? More not feeling?

He closed his eyes against the panic. There was so much fear. If he wasn't careful, Berk wouldn't be the only place stuck in eternal winter.

Would he never be allowed to give himself freedom? Would he constantly have to be in a cage, for fear of hurting everyone around him? He squeezed his hands into fists, his eyes shut tight.

No. He couldn't. Not after having freedom. He couldn't conceal, don't feel, not after this. He'd just have to control himself better. The winter on Berk would wane, he was sure of it.

He just had to get it together. He didn't have to give himself total and complete freedom. Maybe he could tone it down just a little bit and then things wouldn't be nearly so bad.

Yes, he decided, sitting up and rubbing at his eyes to rid them of the tears, because he was pretty sure that his new life should come with no tears. He was just going to go along as he had before. Everything would be just fine.

7. Best Left Alone

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 7: Best Left Alone

**A/N: So, I discovered that I should work on my 'Starlight, Star

Bright' story today. I really don't want to talk about it. It's been way too long. I finished this chapter last night and meant to post it this morning, but I was sick today and completely forgot. I recovered well thanks to cheeseburger pizza and watching Brave for the fourth time :) I don't watch that movie often enough :) my love for HTTYD eclipses it. **

**Sorry this chapter took so long, I guess I was struggling with where to take everything even though I knew exactly where I wanted to go *huffs* **

* * *

><p>When Hiccup awoke the next morning, it was a few minutes before he remembered why he was in front of the door, his knees pulled up to his chest. He put a hand up to his head, feeling sweat running down into his palm.<p>

Everything would be okay. Nobody was around to see this. Nobody was around for him to hurt. It wasn't like it had been on Berk, when he was constantly surrounded by people.

Things were different here. And he'd just have to remember that.

He wasn't very hungry, but he stood up and walked out the doors anyway. As he descended the spiral staircase, he thought to himself that an early morning walk and a bit of food would get him back to normal " at least, that's what he wanted.

He ran a hand down the railing, letting a small bit of ice coat the railing, swirling around it in a sparkling stream. He smiled slightly. He was free and nothing was going to take that away from him.

He was almost at the bottom when he allowed his eyes to drift farther, over the open ocean.

Distantly, on the other horizon, he could see a ship fast approaching. He shaded his eyes against the sun with one hand, trying to squint into the distance to see what kind of ship it was. The panic that had fueled him yesterday was gone.

For some reason, the trader's visit had given him a confidence that he did not previously have; it felt like confirmation that the people of Berk simply didn't care enough to seek him out. In fact, the winter on their island had probably waned by now, anyway, he assured himself. He reached the bottom of the staircase and went to the very edge of the water, looking out over the open ocean, watching for the ship.

He wasn't even sure the ship was heading for his island. Most people knew this place was uninhabited. The only person who had use for an uninhabited island was an exile like him. And, as far as he knew, all the other exiles fled to Outcast Island.

Hiccup shrugged it off and leaned down closer to the water to catch himself breakfast.

Within an hour, the ship was close enough for Hiccup to identify it. With relief, he noted that it was not a warship; it was a tiny escape

craft, barely big enough for more than one average Viking.

This could be seen as both threatening and relieving; threatening because Stoick would never take an army. He'd be afraid that he'd lose his temper and haul off and smack Hiccup in front of people and nobody must ever know about the years of beatings Hiccup had suffered.

But it was also relieving, because, at least then, Hiccup only had his father to face.

Yeah. Only his father. But the mere thought of being alone with this man made his stomach clench.

Within another hour, he could see that the Viking ship did indeed carry the Berk crest on its sail.

Panic clawed at him, blinding him to everything but the fact that his father was coming for him and why the hell was he standing here like a sitting duck waiting for it?

His boots pounded on the sand as he ran blindly, up the staircase, his boots making the spindly ice creak. His hands were slippery with sweat on the railing and he could feel ice streaming out of his palms, but he let it come because he knew if he tried to hold it back, it would only make it worse in the long run.

He reached the doors and pushed them open feverishly, slamming them shut again, running across the ice foyer, barely making it to the second staircase before he sank to his knees, clutching weakly at the railing. His father was coming. What Johann had said last night had been true. His father was coming. His father was going to beat him. He was going to get beaten. He was going to get beaten. He didn't want his father to beat him anymore.

The feeling of panic running through his veins seemed to chill him far worse than his wintry fortress ever could. What should he do? Should he try for a calm, composed approach? Yes, that was always best " trying for calmness always worked. If he just didn't panic, nothing would happen. He wouldn't set off any more eternal winters. The key was to keep calm.

Leaning heavily on the railing, he managed to pull himself into a standing position, his legs shaking beneath him. He hauled himself all the way up to the top of the staircase, still using the railing as his beam of support. He slowly drew his hands away from it, clasping them tightly together so he wouldn't be tempted to use his power.

There came a sudden knock on the door, echoing hollowly throughout the castle. Hiccup allowed the doors to open, wondering how much he'd regret it.

* * *

><p>Astrid could only stare at her former, childhood friend. He had changed |so much.<p>

His face was relaxed into a warm, welcoming smile; his eyes were kind, none of the cold hardness in them. His clothes had changed,

too. Instead of the simple cotton garb most Vikings chose to don, he had fashioned himself elaborate and intricate armor, a cloak decorated with a pattern of snowflakes falling from the shoulders.

"Hiccup." Astrid whispered, edging farther into the foyer. She tried telling herself she was merely surprised, but her gaze wasn't just shocked; she was actually admiring him. He lookedâ€|good. Really good.

Her feelings were lost on Hiccup, who simply offered her a polite yet formal smile. "Astrid. It is good to see you again." His voice was strange, like he was trying to retrain his tongue to speak.

"Nice to see you, too." Astrid said honestly. The warmth in her voice caused Hiccup to color slightly as, for the first time, he noticed the approval in her eyes as her gaze scanned his body.

Hiccup leaned against the railing, shifting his position so she couldn't look at him in that way anymore, but he continued to drink her in as though he had never seen her before; his serene smile was starting to get to her.

"Listen, Hiccup, Iâ€|I need to talk to you." she tried weakly. She normally wasn't so unconfident. She had been planning to storm in here and just start talking. She wasn't prepared for this. And she wasn't prepared for him to look so different, be so differentâ€|and yes, okay, he did still look good. But that so wasn't the point right now.

"So talk." Hiccup told her.

So talk. So talk. So talk. The two words echoed over and over in the castle, bouncing along the walls. The effect of everything said in this castle echoing was beautiful but also slightly eerie.

Astrid began climbing the stairs. "Hiccupâ€|"

Hiccup's serene smile vanished and his stiff posture suddenly became clearer as he backed quickly away.

Astrid, recognizing defeat, slumped down on the fifth step, staring up at him in his shining ice armor and sparkling cloak. "I know I'm putting you in a kind of bad position," Astrid told him and she honestly did. She didn't want to do this to him, but she had to ask. "But you have to do something about Berk."

He flinched at the mention of his island's name, a look of fear entering his eyes.

"I understand why you shut me out." Astrid told him, standing up suddenly. "And that's okay. But what's not okay is setting off an eternal winter and then justâ€|" she let her arms drop back by her sides. "â€|leaving it. That isn't."

Another flinch. Another look of fear. "I didn't mean to."

"I thought you didn't."

There was a short silence.

"Still," Astrid plowed on, determined to get things back on track, "it's okay. You can just unfreeze it." she offered him an encouraging smile.

"No," Hiccup mumbled through very white lips. "No, I can't."

Astrid's smile dropped suddenly from her face. "What?"

"I don't know how!" Hiccup responded fearfully. "It's supposed to melt on its own!"

"It hasn't!" Astrid told him unnecessarily, actually stamping a foot in frustration. She took another step forward. "How can you not know how? Don't you have some ancient knowledge or something? I mean, for Thor's sake, Hiccup, somebody must have taught you how to use this power!" she gestured to the beautiful ice palace she stood in at the moment, looking down at Hiccup, waiting for his response.

The boy had gone pale and he was taking several quick steps back from her. Without even realizing she had done it, she had gotten close to him – very close. She took a couple quick steps backward and stole another glance at him. His 'you just kicked my puppy' expression seemed to imply that she ought to feel guilty about her outburst, but the only thing she registered right now was frustration. How could anybody make a place as beautiful as this without any knowledge?

She shivered suddenly, pulling her furs tighter around her. She had dressed warmly for the visit, but the light flurry he had suddenly created was not making her any warmer.

He ran a pale hand through his hair. "I – nobody ever taught me anything," he managed to whisper softly. "I – I don't have any instinctual knowledge about this – I'm still just me." he darted a hopeful look up at her, like he was asking her to understand.

Understanding this was the last thing she did. She threw her hands up in the air to express her exasperation. "Can't you figure it out, then? Just think! Didn't your dad ever stop you and tell you, hey, son, just in case you ever set off an eternal winter, here's how to stop it?"

Hiccup flinched and the flurry in the room suddenly grew that much stronger. A cold wind sprung up, pushing Astrid closer and closer to the window. She shivered, leaning against the wall as she waited for Hiccup's answer – not that she expected much.

He stared down at his hands for a long second. "Is my dad here? Is he here with you?"

"No," Astrid told him honestly. "But – but he's coming!" she added quickly, happily, glad she was able to appease him. Just in case he was potentially dangerous, she was glad to have one thing to keep him happy. The thought stopped her cold. He'd never seemed dangerous to her before. What had changed? Seeing him in his ice fortress? Seeing him in his armor? Seeing him _not_ defenseless?

"What?" Hiccup's green eyes were wide and panicked when they lifted

to hers; out of everything else about him that had, his eyes hadn't changed.

"Your dad's coming to come get you to stop the winter â€" I was kind of hoping he wouldn't need to, cuz' I thought you might listen to me before you listened to him, but clearly, I was wrong, so maybeâ€"

"No!" Hiccup screamed. The wind picked up, roaring in Astrid's ears. "Don't let him come!"

"Hiccup, he's notâ€"

"Don't let him come near me!" Hiccup yelled over the roaring wind. The icicles above Astrid's head were quaking with the force of the snowstorm Hiccup was causing. The snow was swirling so thick and fast that Astrid could hardly see anymore, but the fearful tone of Hiccup's voice stuck with her. What was he so afraid of? Did he know what she knew, about how Stoick planned to get him to stop by force? She felt a prickle of uncertainty. She knew now it was wrong to try and calm him down by mentioning his father; that had only made him worse.

"Get out!" Hiccup cried loudly. "Get out, get out, get out!"

The forcefulness in his voice should have jarred her, maybe even scared her. It only made her think that she should probably consider getting out, but the thought felt idle, even bored. Yes, the wind was picking up and if she stayed like this, she could catch a nasty cold. But Hiccup wouldn't hurt her, she insisted to herself. She had nothing to fear from him.

"I'm going!" she cried back and she felt around for the door handle, but her fingers found only unforgiving wall and she couldn't find the door through all this snow. Something icy struck her heavily in the chest, seeming to penetrate her skin, cooling her inside and out. She winced at the sharpness of the cold, squinting through the snow to see Hiccup, but everything was too blurry.

The feel of a cool doorknob beneath her fingertips at last rewarded her; grinning in relief and eagerness, she opened the door. The storm seemed to drop a little as she stepped out. She stood on the threshold of the castle for a moment. She slowly peeked in to see Hiccup frantically trying to get it to stop; the storm raged on, unaware that its master didn't want it anymore.

Her teeth chattered slightly as she peered in at him, wondering if she should call out to him or not. At last, she let the door slide shut and she slowly descended the spiral staircase. Maybe he was best left alone.

8. Courage

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 8: Courage

* * *

><p>It was funny how running for your life could take out all thoughts of your once best friend who turned out to have ice powers and a cool new palace made of the stuff, along with armor and a cloak.<p>

This is what Astrid learned as she shakily gripped the staircase railing, hearing a strange sort of growling from just beneath her.

She glanced nervously down from over the railing, before her attention was drawn away from it by the delicate, swirling patterns of the ice on the stairwell. She admired the little snowflake imprints on each step especially.

She bent down to examine them and again wondered whether she ought to leave him here or not. She didn't want to give up on her friend, but his actions today seemed to suggest that maybe he was dangerous, mad, even.

She didn't want to think badly of him, especially not when that was what everybody else was doing, but she couldn't help the slivers of doubt piercing her certainty.

She had come here so sure that he would welcome her in with a warm smile and agree to go thaw Berk. He would prove himself not dangerous, Berk could give up its silly notions that he was and he could come back to the village. Nothing had to be complicated if it happened like that.

She straightened up after her long examination of the ice, trying to remove all thoughts of Hiccup from her head.

There was no way she could convince him to come back to thaw the winter, was there? Because there was no way to thaw it. She could get back and tell Stoick that and then—|and then, hopefully, one day, it would melt on its own.

But nothing would be the way it had been before. Everything would be in shambles when she got back. She had left the people terrified. She didn't expect to come back to anything more than that. She continued walking again, taking a moment to glance back one last time, appreciating the palace in silence.

She shuddered suddenly with a blast of cold that seemed to have come from nowhere, and found she had to grip the stair railing for support.

Her knees threatened to buckle under her, but then came that soft growling again, an audible warning.

She made it down the last few steps, but, when she arrived at the foot, the growling increased in volume. She glanced around and saw something that truly terrified her: a dragon made entirely out of ice, rearing up its legs, kicking out in anger, snorting like an angry horse.

She gave a strangled scream and turned to run. She could feel the chill getting worse as it chased her, threatening to make her legs collapse again. She prayed for strength as she ran. The ocean was so close nowâ€¦if she could just make it to her boatâ€¦

She was agile. She was fast. She was athletic. She was going to make it.

And then that odd blast of chill, coming from everywhere and nowhere, hit her again. And this time, her knees really did collapse under her. She was spitting out snow and sand. Her heart was beating painfully fast as she jumped back up, determined not to lose any more time.

Those vital seconds had really done it for her, though. The ice dragon was nearly on top of her now, nose-to-nose, breathing out little puffs of icy breath that smelled like winter.

She couldn't do it. The boat was too far. The open ocean wasn't within her reach anymore. She knew she wasn't going to make it, but she put on another burst of speed, a hopeless attempt at living when she knew she was going to die.

The tide was coming in and it rushed out to greet her as she reached the water's edge, laughing hysterically even as it soaked through her boots. She never thought she'd appreciate the ocean this much, ever again.

The ice dragon didn't like the tide, and he remained where he was, growling threateningly at it as Astrid fell into her boat, taking up the oars. She untied it madly from the docks and, with fumbling fingers, began rowing her way to freedom, to Berk, to another eternal winter surely calmer than this oneâ€¦

She could do it, yes, she could. She could hear the dragon growling behind her, but that hardly mattered because she was free. He couldn't reach her anymore.

Her heart was hammering with leftover adrenaline, but she hardly cared. All that mattered was getting home, getting away from thatâ€¦

She focused her efforts on rowing harder, on getting away from the island. She never wanted to look back at that place again.

* * *

><p>By the time Hiccup managed to calm the storm and get it together, icicle spikes were sticking out of the floor, in perfect positions to trip people up.<p>

"Get it together," he whispered to himself, massaging his temples. "Control it."

He could do that, couldn't he? He could control it. He would control it. He wasn't the monster his father had made him out to be and he never would be. He would never, ever use his powers to purposely harm anyone. He would never be a monster.

He paced the maze of his palace anxiously, clearly waiting for something, but even he wasn't sure what it was. Maybe he was waiting for somebody like his father to swoop down on him where he stood and demand him to stop the winter.

And then he'd have to tell the man he couldn't, that he didn't know how and then the man would beat him until he begged and cried, he would beat him until he could hardly move.

The thought quickened Hiccup's pace, try as he might to calm down.

"I can do this," he whispered. "I can do this. I can do this."

He stumbled out the top story doors, looking out over the open ocean to that little speck of a boat in that mass of blue. That boat was already very near the other chain of islands. That boat would make it back to Berk soon. That person on that boat was going to tell everybody what had happened. And then they'd come to demand to know why he couldn't fix the winter, ask him if he enjoyed this.

And who would be leading them?

His gut lurched. Stoick the Vast. Stoick would be on the front line, brandishing his sword and screaming vengeance, ready to tear Hiccup apart if it meant stopping the winter on Berk.

His gut clenched. It would all be over if his father came. He couldn't do it again. Not another beatingâ€|not more fearâ€|not more concealingâ€|not more not feelingâ€|

He glanced out over the ocean again, knowing what it would come down to if his father came.

He would have to defend himself. If he didn't, he would become the punching bag again, the only outlet for his abuse. He couldn't take that anymore. There comes a time when you have to stand up for yourself, even if it's against the thing or person you fear most and Hiccup knew that that time had come for him.

But, even if it was time to stand up for himself, he wondered as he gazed down over the ocean still, what if he didn't? What if he didn't have the courage? What would happen then?

9. Frozen Heart

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 9: Frozen Heart

**A/N: I'm beginning to notice a common theme within these chapter titles xP Furthermore, sorry for my absence, guys! Between my other stories and my other activities, things have been pretty tight lately and I kept forgetting to work on this! However, here is the next

chapter and I know where this story is going now and so chapter ten should be up a lot sooner than this one was. I'll try to get chapter ten done quick as this is really only the bridge between chapter eight and ten. **

* * *

><p>"Stoickâ€|" Gobber panted, struggling to keep up with his best friend. He limped along on his prosthetic, ducking several people carrying supplies, finally ending up at the chief's side once more. "This isn't a good idea." He stated boldly.<p>

Stoick never once looked at him. "The Hofferson girl was a wonderful warrior," he said shortly. "Her death will be avenged."

"She hasn't come back. That doesn't mean she's dead," Gobber told him.

"She's as good as," Stoick snapped. "Hiccup is dangerous."

"That's your son."

"He's killed before. He wouldn't hesitate to do it again."

Something previously disconnected clicked suddenly in the blacksmith's brain. "Stoickâ€|that blizzardâ€|Valhallaramaâ€|Stoick, he was only four when itâ€"

"Gobber," Stoick responded, turning at last to face his friend; there were dark circles under his eyes and his face was lined with age. "Do me a favor and shut up."

Gobber shook his head slightly, mentally replaying their conversation in his mind: _"Hiccup is dangerous."_

"That's your son."

"He's killed before."

"Are you going to see him alone?" Gobber asked finally, just to break the heavy silence between them.

"It seems so," Stoick replied stoutly. "Not many people are willing to come so close to the monster."

"That's your son." Gobber repeated. "How can you speak about him this way?"

"Open your eyes, damn it!" Stoick yelled, finally losing his temper. "He killed his mother and now he's just killed another girl! He sent down some sort of blizzard here that will continue until every one of us is dead from frostbite, or damn near close to itâ€"

"Look!" The Jorgenson boy suddenly and smoothly interrupted their argument; had he been listening the whole time?

He didn't need to point, for the boat was already so close to the docks, and everybody could see the small blonde girl on it, shivering violently the closer she got to their island.

Stoick and Gobber instinctively stepped out of the way of the small boat and the boat docked quietly.

There was complete silence for a second, a silence in which everybody stared at the boat. And then Astrid Hofferson jumped down from it, shivering violently, wracked with cold, hugging herself tightly. "C-cold," she whispered. "C-cold."

Mr. Hofferson rushed forward, picking his daughter up in his arms. "My angel," he breathed. "My angel, it's alright, we'll get you warmâ€|"

"What happened to you?" Mrs. Hofferson whispered, horrified, as she ran forward with her husband. "Darling, what happened?"

It was clear that consciousness was a struggle for the girl, but she managed to stay in reality long enough to murmur, "Hiccupâ€|wentâ€|crazyâ€|dangerous monsterâ€|_cold_â€|"

* * *

><p>Astrid Hofferson was barely conscious, but the sunlight streaming in through her window and the terrible cold she felt all over her body was not a dream. She had blankets piled two feet high on top of her; she should have been warm.<p>

Yet still she lay there shivering, alone in the comfort and warmth of her bedroom, wondering what had happened. The last thing she remembered was docking on Berk, jumping out of the boat and falling to her kneesâ€|her father had picked her up, hadn't he? Her mother had asked her what had happened, hadn't she?

Astrid had wanted to tell them that they couldn't go to his island; that ice dragon would tear them apart. She had a feeling she hadn't said this in so many words; the important thing wasn't that, however. Had she correctly conveyed what they were up against, or had she mumbled something unintelligible? She could no longer remember.

She groaned, putting a hand on her head just as her door opened and Mrs. Hofferson walked in to greet her daughter. Like daughter, like mother, because Mrs. Hofferson was normally fierce and unafraidâ€|strange how a simple thing like watching her daughter shiver could bring out a fear Astrid had never seen in her mother's eyes.

Mrs. Hofferson was holding yet another blanket and Astrid drank in the welcome sight of it, although she knew she had too many already. She just couldn't get warm.

"What happened to me?" Astrid asked quietly, sitting up in bed as her mother came over and let the blanket fall on her.

Mrs. Hofferson smoothed down her daughter's blonde hair; only now did Astrid realize that somebody had taken it out of its trademark braid and it drifted in pale gold curls around her shoulders. "Maybe you could tell us, sweetheart. The most we can tell you is what's been happening since you docked."

Astrid swiped her bangs out of her eyes, trying to hold them on the top of her head so they wouldn't get in her eyes any longer. "Well,

what has been happening since I docked?" Maybe hearing about it would help get her mind off things.

As her mother related the story, nothing immediately stuck out to her except two things. "We also called the healer for your condition, sweetheart, it'sâ€" she squeezed her daughter's hand affectionately. "It can be stopped, what you're going through."

"It can be?" Astrid asked blankly. "It's just a prolonged reaction to the cold, Mom, it's nothingâ€"

"No, sweetheart, your heartâ€" her mother studied the blanket for a long moment. "Your heart has been frozen. And there's only one thing that can stop it."

10. Castle Breach

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 10: Castle Breach

A/N: Sup. Um. Yeah. This chapter took me awhile, but it is a bit longer than most of my chapters. Being completely honest, I like it. At least the parts with Stoick and Hiccup. The parts with Astrid are a bit short, because I meant to alternate between Astrid and her mother and Hiccup and Stoick, but the thing was, I got so into one of the Hiccup Stoick parts that I forgot to write in a scene with Astrid XD

* * *

><p>Stoick's initial reaction?<p>

Awe at the handiwork, if we're being completely honest. He stared up for a second at the glistening purple, white and blue that shone brightly in the dazzling sunlight. He shaded his eyes against the sun as he looked up at it; the sheer beauty of the structure took his breath away.

And then he shook off his wonder with a scowl. Those gleaming towers and turrets housed a truly brutal monster. He couldn't afford to get wonder-struck by good architecture. He had to focus. He had come here for a very specific reason. He couldn't afford to get sidetracked.

He took another step forward; the ice creaked under his weight. He looked down at the steps and noted the snowflake imprint in each.

Yet another reason Hiccup deserved to be punished.

He needed to be reminded that using his powers was wrong; that it could kill people, just like it had killed his mother all those years ago. Stoick's renewed determination pushed him forward, up the

glacial steps and to the great, purple double doors. The snowflake imprint was much larger here, spanning across both doors.

Stoick reached out for the door, the slightest hesitation creeping in as his fingers met the cold, hard surface. He pushed it open, at the same time pushing back all of his hesitations and fears. He couldn't afford to be afraid. He thought of Astrid Hofferson, the girl who had visited him last. She had come back ice cold and shaking. She had come back with a frozen heart.

But that was her, Stoick reminded himself with a shrug. It wasn't like Hiccup would dare do that to him; or if he did, Stoick would make him regret it.

* * *

><p>"What?" Astrid's whisper broke the silence. "What are you talking about? A frozen heart? I meanâ€|that'sâ€|that'sâ€|"<p>

"In the times when the gods still walked the earth in their human forms, there were evils such as frozen hearts all the time." Her mother looked at her pointedly as she smoothed her daughter's hair again, forcibly reminding Astrid of all the times she would sit by the fire with her parents and hear tales of the gods. Myths like these had been fresh in her mind in her childhood, but thinking back on it now, a frozen heart sounded so preposterous.

She glanced down at herself, her hands tightly curled into fists. "'True love will thaw a frozen heart'," she recited flawlessly. "But, Mom, I don't thinkâ€"

"Sweetheart, this is dangerous." Mrs. Hofferson responded sternly. "An act of true love is normally thought to be a kiss between two people who are deeply in love. I need you to think if there is anybody out there who could cure you of this. Isn't there anybody out there for this?"

* * *

><p>Stoick was rather surprised to reach the doors of Hiccup's castle unharmed and with no attacks, but he had little time to remark upon his relief; he opened the purple double doors and slid carefully inside the icy building, his breath misting from the freezing air.<p>

He glanced around the slightly eerie foyer, turning a full circle to take in the full beauty of the palace built here.

The second time around, he caught a flash of warm color that didn't belong in this place; glancing around for it again, he realized his son was standing there, frozen with fear, his hands shaking. He had discarded his Berk clothing for sparkling armor made of ice. Spiked shoulders and a glittering cloak swirling with tiny snowflakes and icicles hanging from every staircase, a light dusting of snow in the boy's hairâ€|

Though he looked so much more natural here, surrounded by his true element, he didn't look happy. He looked terrified. His hands were shaking; he reached out and gripped the wall to steady himself. Stoick half-expected him to say something defensive and sharp, but

the other part of him expected Hiccup to come forward with his head bowed and his hands up in submission.

Hiccup did neither of these things, however. He stared at his father in horrified shock for another instant and then shook his head slightly, in utter disbelief that the man could have found him here. And then he turned around and ran, up the staircase, down several hallways and weaving in and out through rooms, trying desperately to lose Stoick in the icy maze.

Stoick gave a startled cry, but this only seemed to make Hiccup move faster. The Viking chieftain then did the only thing that came naturally; he chased his son, up the staircase and through the hallways.

Hiccup glanced behind him only once and turned to keep running, throwing open another door. This room had only one other pair of doors, thrown wide open to reveal the balcony they led to.

The boy's breath hitched as he realized he had nowhere to go; there was no escaping his father anymore. There were no clever tricks to pull, no defense he could offer.

So much for you can't hurt me anymore.

His father entered the room after him, looking around furiously and spotting the boy crouched fearfully against the wall. Hiccup took a deep breath.

Stoick made a move towards him, taking a step forward, his hands curling into fists, one going automatically to his sword.

"Please," Hiccup pleaded desperately, losing his footing as he frantically stumbled backward, meeting the wall of ice behind him. With nowhere to go, he simply crouched there in terror, awaiting the blow that he knew would end his life.

* * *

><p>Astrid thought. She considered it as she ran through everything that had happened and somewhere in the back of her brain, a voice quietly insisted that she could cure the frozen heart. The answer was right in front of her. The problem was also the solution.<p>

But her brain was moving slowly today and for some reason, with the answer on the tip of her tongue, she found she didn't quite know it.

_The problem is the solution. Think, Astrid. You know the answer to this. _

* * *

><p>As Hiccup crouched there against the wall, about to bring his arms over his head, about to try and protect himself from the blows, he realized Stoick had already reached him and that he wasn't reaching out to hit him; rather, he was reaching out to grab him.<p>

He did often use one hand to hold the boy still while he hit him with

the other, but this time he grabbed the boy by the wrist and, instead of bringing up his other hand to land a blow, he merely began dragging the boy back towards the door.

The lack of violence so far was surprising and, to Hiccup, at least, encouraging. "Where are we going?" he tried to break free from his father's grip, but the man was too strong.

"I'm taking you back to Berk," Stoick snarled. "So you can stop the winter."

"Let me go!" Hiccup tried to sound forceful and not scared at the mere idea of having to go back to that hellhole. Again, he tried to jerk away, but the chief held him fast.

He allowed himself to be dragged painfully along for a few more moments, wincing slightly at the pain of Stoick's firm grip. And then he glanced down at his hand, the one Stoick did not hold in a death grip—and he hesitated. He stared down at his palm, all covered with snow and glowing a brighter and brighter blue as the power became undone all over again, what little control he had managed to gain fleeing in his terror and hesitation.

By that point he knew that using his powers around his father was going to be an unavoidable task, but it always had been. And this time, he thought, his heart beating rather hard as he tried to think only of getting away and not of Stoick's reaction to him doing it, this time his father wouldn't hit him. He couldn't hit what he couldn't catch.

His heart hammering away in his chest, he turned his hand on Stoick, silently willing the ice to come, willing it to happen. And when it did, when Stoick was temporarily disoriented from the ice blast and his grip on his son's wrist slackened, Hiccup broke free and ran.

11. Control

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 11: Control

* * *

><p>Astrid took a deep, steadying breath and looked her mother straight in the eye. She thought she understood now; her unconscious knowledge was suddenly becoming conscious and with it came a sudden burst of clarity. Everything was laid out before her clearly now. She didn't need a kiss from her one, true love to heal her, because she didn't have a one true love. But she did have something on her side, she had a possibility, a mere glint of hope on the horizon, to save herself and her once-best friend.<p>

Her uncertainty must've showed on her face, because concern overtook

her mother's features. Instead of responding to this silent communication, Astrid forced her lips into a smile and said simply, "Actually, there is someone who could help."

* * *

><p>Hiccup streaked away from his father, his heart pounding crazily against his ribs. What am I doing? What am I doing? He's going to catch up and then he's going to kill meâ€|what am I doing?

Maybe it was stupidity, or maybe it was fear. Maybe it was some sort of instinct to save his own life that made him keep running, but, whatever the reason, he kept on going through doors and up the staircases Stoick had just dragged him so easily back down. He came up to the top floor again, leaning out against the balcony doors, shoving them open, just in case. He wasn't quite sure what situation would call for use of a balcony, but then, thirty minutes ago, he hadn't known what situation would call for him to run so hard his chest hurt afterwards, either.

He took a deep, steadying breath. The door was closed, but not bolted. All Stoick had to do was open it and step inside.

_But then he'll have me to contend with, _Hiccup encouraged himself. _And I'm not letting him hurt me again. He won't ever beat me again. No more bruises. No more lying. No more concealing and no more not feeling._

Sure enough, the door swung open seconds later with a violence that should have shaken the whole structure to its foundations. Hiccup pressed one hand against the wall behind him, feeling uncertainty and fear creep into his chest at the sight of his father. Could he really stand up to this man?

* * *

><p>Mrs. Hofferson looked at her daughter with hope in her eyes. "Weâ€|we can fix this, sweetheart. If that's true, then we can fix this, can't we?" Her voice was uncertain and tremulous.<p>

Astrid nodded. Her mother had not released her hand all this time, even though Astrid's skin was slowly becoming like ice, so slowly that neither even noticed.

"Who is it, then, Astrid?" her mother whispered, sitting up on the bed beside her daughter and smoothing down her pale blonde curls again. "Who is it, sweetie?"

Hiccup closed his hands into fists. The power was building up. It was going to burst out of him anyway; strong emotions, like fear, always made it harder to control.

Stoick took a step closer to him, reaching out to grab his arm again.

Hiccup tried to move away, but he was pressed up against the wall. "Stay away," he begged. "Please, just stay _away_."

The disgusted look on Stoick's face was what made Hiccup's decision for him. He opened his hands, allowing the power to come freely,

willing it to come, trying to latch onto some form of control with it.

The icicles rained down in a defensive ring around him, sharp and threatening. Stoick stopped short of them, staring down at the sparkling separation between them for a second. When he lifted his eyes to Hiccup's uncertain green ones, the darker pair was filled with rage.

Stoick took a careful step forward, trying to avoid the icicles as he made another grab for Hiccup.

"Go away!" Hiccup howled, and this outburst brought another blast of ice raining down, nearly felling Stoick where he stood, but the chieftain was quick. He was certainly quicker than he looked as he realized what was about to happen and jumped out of the way. His gray eyes darkened with hatred as he stared at his son, protected and sheltered by the one thing that had hurt everyone around him for as long as he could remember.

"Go away!" Hiccup repeated, trying to sound forceful. "Just go!"

"No," Stoick breathed fiercely, staring down in rage at the icicles blocking his path. "You will be coming back to Berk and you will be stopping the winter, otherwise, so help me, you will be reunited with your mother so fast your head will spin."

Hiccup shuddered slightly at the savagery and fury in his father's tone; although he had heard similar threats all his life, it didn't make them any less scary when he heard them again. "I can't!" he finally screamed and the simple, helpless terror he felt then brought him to his knees as the doors began blowing in the sudden wind that sprang up. He could sense the blizzard that was coming and he only wanted to stop it, but at the same time, he knew he couldn't.

"I can't stop this." he whispered, shaking and trembling, his voice barely audible over the roaring wind. "You know that. You know I can't stop it."

"Well, you had better learn how," Stoick threatened, his voice a low murmur, but still loud enough to reach Hiccup's ears. "Or so help me, I will make you."

Hiccup clenched his hands into fists; should he continue to use his power to defend himself, or was he only digging himself a deeper grave every time he nearly hurt Stoick? Uncertainty and fear made his heart beat faster and he sat there silently, in the middle of his ring of ice. The one thing he knew was that he could not allow himself to be dragged back to Berk. That would be the start of his old life all over again, the life he'd sworn to himself that he would leave behind. What had happened to that pledge? he wondered dismally. The night he had accidentally let it go was the night he had promised a better life for himself, one that didn't include beatings and bruises or lies. He had promised freedom and happiness and eternal bliss; what had happened to that promise?

Stoick knelt down next to his son, watching the boy tremble, watching the boy stare down at his hands.

"I can't." Hiccup whispered brokenly, still studying his hands, refusing to look at Stoick. "I'm useless. You know that. You know I can't do anything."

"You will do it." Stoick declared angrily, standing up again and taking a step towards his son. Hiccup flinched backward slightly, his hands curling into fists as he did. "You're going to bring back summer."

"You know I can'tâ€" Hiccup tried weakly, but Stoick's eyes burned when he turned them on Hiccup and when he spoke, his voice was low and dangerous.

"You will bring back summer or I will beat it out of you."

12. Listen

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 12: Listen

A/N: Um...I don't know about this chapter. Thank you guys for all the reviews, though :D 94 :D I'm a lucky person who did not expect this much of a response, let alone a positive one!

* * *

><p>"Now come back."<p>

Hiccup shuddered, but he tightened his lips and tried to be brave nonetheless. He hadn't just nearly hurt his father several times for nothing. "I'm not coming back."

"Yes. You. Will." Stoick spoke slowly, emphasizing each word, the threat in his voice even clearer than it had been two seconds ago.

Hiccup pulled his knees up to his chest, safe inside his icy defense mechanism. Stoick wouldn't rest, wouldn't leave him alone until he did stop the winter. But he didn't know how. He gritted his teeth, trying to blink back the tears of frustration that threatened. He didn't want his father to think he was sobbing in fear. He was upset because nobody was listening to him â€" again. But this was the time that they should listen to him, the time that it mattered the most. Why wasn't anyone listening now?

He couldn't stop the winter and he had said as much. What more did these people want? It wasn't like he was out-and-out trying to be useless about this.

"You're only making matters worse for yourself."

Hiccup glanced up fearfully, shaken out of his thoughts to see his father still there. He knew from experience that begging got him

nowhere with this man, but still he sat up on his knees and tried to get his father to listen. No doubt about it, these past few days had been the strangest of his life. Although his father was threatening "no, wait, promising" a terrible beating when he did eventually get his hands on Hiccup, although these past few days had been wonderful as well as terrible, every one of them felt new and indescribable to Hiccup. He had been using his powers so much, he had had a real talk, however brief, with his childhood best friend again, after not speaking to her for so long. His own father was sitting a mere foot away from him and there was no physical violence involved as of yet. They were just talking "albeit Stoick's words were mostly threats, but it was still the longest conversation Hiccup had ever carried on with his father before, and this was another new and strange thing to him.

Hiccup pushed these thoughts away and tried to find the right words. "I'mâ€|it'sâ€|you don't understand." He managed. He licked his lips in a nervous anxiety, pushed his hair out of his eyes and off his forehead and tried again. "The winter should go away on its own. That's what it does. Or, it's what it's supposed to do."

"Is that all you have to say?" Stoick sneered. "You're not making a very compelling case for yourself, Hiccup, and the fact is, it doesn't change anything whether the ice melts or not. The fact is that you used your powers at all, even after being reminded time and again that you should never do that."

"I'm not hurting anyone this time." Hiccup found tears in his eyes at his father's words and he blinked several times in a row. One tear did slip out and make its way down his cheek, but he used his sleeve to wipe it away before Stoick even noticed.

"People are dying!" Stoick thundered. "Everybody on that godforsaken island is getting frostbite! People are getting sicknesses they can't bounce back from! And it's not melting!"

And here, he did something a bit risky; he took a step forward, planting a foot firmly between two icicles that Hiccup had created, grabbed one of the boy's hands in his much larger one and physically jerked his son out by the boy's small arm. He clasped his hand over both of Hiccup's, pleased to find that he was just in time; the boy's palms had been growing colder, a sign that the power was about to be released.

The cold flickered a bit as Hiccup debated on using it or pushing his powers back; but, reluctantly, he decided pushing his powers back was the best option here, seeing as it would only cause trouble right now. Not even his ice could make this man keep his distance. What would he have to do to be truly free?

Go back to Berk. Go back to Berk, thaw the winter and flee back here.

There was only one little problem with that, Hiccup thought to himself sarcastically. He had no idea how to do the second one. Not to mention he was terrified of doing the first.

If he went back to Berk now, after revealing himself and his powers, what would they think of him? What would the people say? His stomach lurched as memories of that night came back to

him.

"_Sorcerer!"_

"_Monster!"_

"_Freak!"_

"_I always knew there was something wrong with you, boy!" _

As his palm grew colder and colder in distress, Stoick glanced down at the boy in fury and used one hand to grab at his sword from its scabbard.

Hiccup gasped and tried to break free from Stoick's grip, but the man wasn't interested in using the blade; instead, he turned it so the hilt was brought down firmly on Hiccup's head and his knees buckled. He clutched at his head in agony, blurry darkness threatening his vision.

He always knew he was one day going to have to face this darkness, this evil he had been cursed with. But why—why did it have to be so hard?

* * *

><p>Astrid was surprised to hear the shouts floating in through her window. Her mother jumped up, looking scandalized, before peering out. Her face hardened and she turned away from her daughter, heading for the door.<p>

"What's going on?" Astrid tried to scoot off the bed and towards the window, but another blast of cold brought her to her knees.

"It's nothing that would interest you." Her mother replied curtly, going back to her daughter and tucking the blanket firmly around her shoulders.

"No, Mom, what's wrong?"

"The chief is back." Mrs. Hofferson admitted reluctantly. "He's brought the—" her face twisted in disgust as she tried to put a name on the boy. "—the _thing_ with him." she settled on.

Astrid wasn't sure whether she ought to be angry that her mother had just called him a thing or not. She wasn't sure whether she ought to get angry on Hiccup's behalf of anything anymore. "I—Hiccup?" If he was powerful enough to freeze her heart, why wasn't he using that power on his father?

Her mother's lips tightened when she gave the name. "Yes, I suppose." she sniffed, as if the boy wasn't worthy of a name. "You stay right here. The chief is going to get him to bring back summer. And we'll get him to unfreeze your heart. You'll see."

Astrid put a hand over her chest, tugging the blankets closer to her, quaking with cold. Oddly enough, it wasn't like it was when she stood out in the snow too long and began going numb; each pang of cold just reminded her that she could still feel it.

"He can't." she whispered. The words hung in the air for a second, barely audible, barely there.

Mrs. Hofferson turned sharply around to stare at her daughter.
"What?"

"It's a waste of time." Astrid pulled her knees up to her chest in an effort to lock in some body heat. "He's already told me himself that he can't stop the winter."

Mrs. Hofferson's blue eyes, so like her daughter's, hardened until they were like the ice coating everything outside Astrid's window.
"And do you really believe him, sweetheart?"

13. What Have I Done?

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 13: What Have I Done?

A/N: This chapter, as well as its title, are based heavily off a drawing by RazzlePazzleDooDot (the drawing is up on DeviantArt, for those who are curious :D) and also based off my own sadistic imagination and love of causing Hiccup emotional and/or physical pain. (mostly emotional, but I'm not afraid to give him a bad injury when need be.) Last chapter was pretty eventful, so I'm hoping that this chapter's lack of action won't disappoint too many people. Next chapter should probably be more interesting.

Also, hopefully, you guys won't think too badly of Astrid's parents. I really don't care if you do or don't, honestly. I don't like them much, either, but they're acting this way because this boy rained down an eternal winter on their home and then turned around and froze their daughter's heart. Talk about your complicated friendships, huh.

Anyway, guess what happened last night? :D YES THAT'S RIGHT I HIT 100 REVIEWS AND IT MAKES ME SO HAPPY! Thank you all! Everybody who reviewed/read/followed/favorited/lurked. I am one lucky, lucky person!

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><p>Hiccup tried, really tried, to stay conscious. Stoick's sword hilt hit his head, he collapsed on the floor, clutching at his head, fingers tangled in his hair as blackness threatened his vision. He blinked several times, trying hard to push the pain and darkness away, but the dark spots overwhelmed him and he sank to his knees. His arms were heavy and too hard to move, and he knew he wasn't going to be able to fight it.<p>

His eyes drifted closed, but just before they did, he felt a strong hand lifting him up, dragging him off the floor and he knew where he was going with frightening clarity.

* * *

><p>Astrid sat alone in her room for a second, completely unsure what to think. She watched her mother walk to the door, she watched her slowly push it open and begin heading out. Mrs. Hofferson's footsteps pounded on each stair.<p>

Astrid threw the blanket off and scrambled as quickly as she could " which really wasn't that quickly, under the circumstances " over to the window and looked out, catching her breath. Maybe it was just her, but the winter seemed to be even worse than it had been when she'd left. The snow was coming down faster than before, and she could hear shouts coming from the docks as the chieftain jumped down from the boat, holding a limp form in his arms.

Even from this distance, Astrid recognized the auburn hair and the sparkling ice, gleaming under the early afternoon sun. She sank to the ground in horror. What had happened while she was asleep? She hadn't even been aware that the chief had gone to look for his son and now he came back with the boy's limp and unconscious body in his arms.

_That explains why he didn't just use his powers on Stoick the way he did you. _

She swallowed, trying hard to push that thought away. What was going to happen to Hiccup? Stoick hadn't killed him, had he?

From this distance, she couldn't see if the boy's chest was moving up and down or not, but she sincerely hoped it was. She wouldn't have believed her chieftain of such an act if she hadn't heard him talking to Gobber just " wow, had it really only been a few days ago? " the other day about using force if necessary.

She hadn't liked the sound of that. Not at all.

It looked like Stoick really had used force to get him to stop the winter, but rather than make it better, it seemed to have only made things worse. Judging by how much more ice and snow coated the village now, she was guessing the chief had done nothing but scare his son into unintentionally unleashing his powers even further.

She felt her cheek hit the ice cold windowsill, propping herself up on her arms to keep herself upright. She watched everything occurring sideways; Stoick wouldn't let Hiccup go, even though Gobber tried to take the boy from him. Stoick tightened his grip on the boy and stalked off, shaking off many villagers who were clearly overjoyed that he had not returned in the same fashion Astrid had.

She saw Stoick disappear into a building and watched the rest of the villagers peel away, clearly disappointed; perhaps they had hoped for a better story than what had occurred, or maybe they were as curious as Astrid about Hiccup and Stoick and what might possibly have occurred between them.

Gobber stood alone on the docks, his arms still outstretched, still willing to take Hiccup, but, when it became clear that Stoick truly was gone and had taken Hiccup with him, Gobber slowly let his arms drop back to his sides, shaking his head in the same disappointed

fashion the other villagers had.

When Gobber had wandered off as well, Astrid found she had nothing to watch anymore, except the clouds. She fascinated herself with the sky for a few long minutes before a soft knock sounded on her door.

"Astrid? Are you awake?" Mr. Hofferson softly pushed his door open, his brown eyes widening a bit in surprise when he saw her over by the window. "Are you feeling all right?" He shut the door behind him, to keep the cold out, Astrid guessed.

Astrid, feeling more than a little overwhelmed by all the questions, tried to answer as best she could. "Ohâ€¦I'm okay. I'm feeling okay." Not really, she reminded herself as she shuddered a bit with cold, but pride kept her from reaching for the blanket that had fallen off the side of her bed.

The scene she had watched occur on the docks ran through her mind again and she took a deep breath. "I think the chief is wrong."

Her father's brow knitted in confusion and he knelt down next to his daughter. "Astridâ€¦" he began, in a voice that suggested he thought she was mentally unstable.

"I think the chief is wrong," she repeated softly. "I don't think Hiccup can stop the winter."

Mr. Hofferson's lips tightened upon hearing that boy's name spoken in his house, by his daughter, no less. "Maybe not," he admitted, "but we'll get him to unfreeze your heart."

"What aboutâ€¦?" Astrid began uncertainly. "Only an act of true loveâ€¦?"

"We'll get him to unfreeze it." Her father repeated in a hard voice. "The chief has promised us that he will."

* * *

><p>Hiccup didn't notice how cold the dirty stone floor was when he woke up lying on it. A nasty headache began around his temples, throbbing and aching. He gave a small groan and lifted himself up on his knees. When he caught the near-blinding light of the early afternoon sun through a grimy, cracked window, he groaned, dropped to the ground again, and shut his eyes tightly. A cold wind blew in through the cracks, swirling around him in his little cell. He tried to rush to the window.<p>

This idea was dismissed as quickly as it had been seized, for, when Hiccup attempted to run to the dirty glass structure, he found he was held back. Glancing down, he saw iron shackles that completely encased his hands; ice was growing on the iron, spreading all around the room and, hard as he tried, he could not make it stop.

The window wasn't just dirty and smashed, it was caked with snow; icicles clung stubbornly to the sill and the howling blizzard outside was only making everything worse. Hiccup could only stare out at the frozen landscape in horror.

"People are dying! People are getting sicknesses they can't bounce back from! And it's not melting!"

"What have I done?" he whispered through white lips. "What have I done?" His legs were shaking beneath him, threatening to give way beneath him. His father was right about him. He was dangerous. He was a monster. He was a killer. He was killing people with this storm. He couldn't stop it. As if to underline this point, a bit more ice grew on the thick shackles, creaking as it spread around the room.

He closed his eyes. Not all the concealing and not feeling in the world could help him now.

14. Mess

Gift or Curse?

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Chapter 14: Mess

A/N: Okay, guys. Here's the deal. I really appreciate a lot of you guys, and it's nice to know some people are waiting for updates from me. But the thing is, you really take all the joy out of writing when you constantly nag me to update because it's not fast enough for you. Listen, I'm sorry that I get writer's block, and that I can't post at convenient times for you guys, but please try to keep in mind that this is MY story. I started it for fun, I continued it for fun, and I'm going to finish it. All in the name of fun. And all in good time. If people continue to nag me about updates, it takes all the joy and fun out of a fic that was previously enjoyable. It's hurtful and frustrating, and if it continues, I will delete this fic. If you want an update, don't hesitate to review. But if you nag or are rude in your way of asking, it will make me angry. Please try to be considerate and remember that this is my time, and I am taking that time to write. I am not writing it to please others, I am writing purely because I enjoy it. If I feel I must change to please you, I'm going to quit. Thank you for listening.

* * *

><p>Stoick the Vast was unpleasantly surprised to see a large band of villagers had been awaiting his return when he got off the boat. He'd hoped to be able to get away quickly, slip unnoticed into the dungeons and lock Hiccup securely in one of them before anybody noticed, but that was clearly not going to happen.<p>

He took a slow, deep breath as the people swarmed him anxiously.

"Are you alright, sir?"

"You alright, Chief?"

"How you holding up?"

"Did he freeze you, too?"

"The storm has picked up since you left."

"You should have seen it."

"It's only getting worse."

"Stoickâ€|"

The chieftain stopped short at hearing his name, turning sharply to face the speaker. Gobber the Belch stared down in horror at the limp form in Stoick's arms. "Is he dead?"

Stoick offered his friend a glare. "I wish he was."

Gobber's mouth fell open slightly in horror. "You don't mean that."

Stoick tried to shoulder his way past the blacksmith, but Gobber put out a hand to stop him. "Let me take the boy from here," he suggested gently.

Stoick merely tightened his grip on his son and shook his head grimly. "I can handle him myself."

"Stoickâ€|" Gobber gestured to the storm, the howling wind and snow that was making visibility poor. "The storm has onlyâ€"

"He won't hurt me." Stoick lifted his chin resolutely. "I know he won't."

Hiccup had used his powers on his father once, but he wouldn't be stupid enough to do it again. In fact, he wouldn't even get the chance to do it again. The boy stirred weakly in Stoick's arms, reaching up to feel his head with a groan.

The storm seemed to quiet just slightly as the boy neared consciousness. Gobber's face was the picture of concern as he glanced down at the teen stirring in his father's arms. Stoick glared down at the boy with an expression of purest hatred. "I'm going to get him taken care of."

Gobber's lips tightened. "You won't harm him."

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't."

At Gobber's hesitation, Stoick shoved roughly past his friend, and this time, he succeeded. He was nearly at the end of the dock when he heard Gobber's whispered answer. "Because he's your son and I know somewhere deep down, you care about him."

Stoick glanced back at his friend and opened his mouth to respond, before closing it again and shaking his head, making his way to the dungeon buildings. The Hooligans rarely ever kept captives nowadays, but the dungeons were still there from the times when Grimbeard the Ghastly was a chieftain.

Stoick's grip on his son was careful, but not gentle; he didn't want to be the reason the boy came to. As Gobber's words ran through his

mind again, he sighed. He'd seen plenty of parents over the years come and go on Berk and they were always so careful with the children, so gentle and tender. They would hold each other and whisper 'I love you' and things. Stoick had never done anything of the sort with his son, purely because he had no desire to. He didn't wish to lie to his son by telling him he was loved.

He wasn't one of those people who felt tenderness towards their child; his son was brutal and dangerous, downright terrifying to most of the people on Berk. But not to him. Oh, not to him.

Stoick reached the dungeon and set Hiccup's limp body down on the floor. The boy groaned slightly, reaching up to feel his head. The wind outside howled even louder. Stoick peered out the snow-caked window for just a second, before turning his attention back to his son. No, Gobber would never understand the hatred he felt when he saw this boy.

* * *

><p>"The important thing is to keep your daughter warm. As warm as possible." Stoick the Vast tilted his head in Mrs. Hofferson's direction as they neared the dungeons together. "She'll be alright, though. I'll get him to unfreeze her heart. I promise."<p>

"Thank you." Mrs. Hofferson's voice was shaky.

"Where is the girl now?" Stoick questioned, all business as he gingerly unlocked the dungeon doors.

"In the house. I left her with my husband. She's got plenty of blankets and warm clothing. Can thatâ€|thatâ€|" her face twisted in obvious disgust.

"Call him what he is." Stoick urged gently. "A monster."

"Can it fix her from a distance?" the woman questioned, a bit of the anger leaking away when she realized the chieftain shared her feelings.

"I'm not sure." he responded. They reached the top of a flight of cold stone steps, where a bit of frost was already growing on the walls, inching nearer to them every minute they stood there.

Stoick glanced down the flight of stairs, a thunderous scowl beginning to twist his face. "I'm, ah, going to need a few minutes alone with him." Even here, he remembered his manners just before he began the trek downstairs. "You may wait outside, if you wish."

Mrs. Hofferson nodded obediently. She would listen to anything that would help save her daughter.

* * *

><p>Hiccup wasn't exactly sure why Astrid was, oddly, being the nicest to him, but in some small way, it was comforting. Her blue eyes weren't cold when they fixed on him, and she hadn't glared at him once.<p>

"Do you think we need to be alone like this for you to unfreeze it?"

her voice was barely above a whisper in the thick silence of her bedroom. She knew her mother and father and Stoick the Vast were waiting outside. They had been unwilling to leave them alone, but even with a frozen heart, Astrid wasn't anything if not stubborn.

She shuddered slightly with cold, rocking back and forth as she waited for Hiccup's answer.

He wouldn't quite look her in the eye; he kept playing absently with his hands, pulling the thick sleeves of his ice armor farther down. When she had seen him in his ice fortress, he had been brimming with a sort of detached confidence, a self-made serenity. Here, the only thing he was brimming with was fear.

"I can't." He confessed in a whisper of his own. The sleeve of his armor came up just slightly, revealing a nasty mark where fingerprints could be seen, already beginning to bruise. Astrid could see a bit of purple edging it before Hiccup yanked the sleeve down again, shutting her out. "You know I can't."

Astrid took a deep breath. "My parents seem to think you can. And so does your dad."

She told herself she was being silly, but she could swear she saw Hiccup flinch when she mentioned his father. "They won't listen to me."

"That's not what Vikings are known for, is it?" Astrid leaned forward, her slightly shaking knee bumping his in an almost companionable way. "Listening?"

Hiccup glanced up at her in surprise when her leg met his. His face relaxed slightly, but the fear never left his eyes. "No. It's not." He sighed.

"I know it's a bit of a long shot, but—" Astrid looked down at her hands, shaking with cold, just like the rest of her body. "—Maybe I could get them to listen?"

"You— you want to help me?" he glanced up at her incredulously. "But— but I froze your heart, and— and—"

"Yes, you did and I know that right now, there's no chance that you'll be able to unfreeze it, and that the only original cure was an act of true love. But I'm starting to think it was just a bad idea for them to lock you up and threaten you, and call you a monster, and then expect you to do anything for them."

"I would if I could." Hiccup replied grimly. "I just want to get everything taken care of so I can go away again. Maybe then this place will finally start to leave me alone."

Astrid hugged her knees closer to her chest.

"Have you tried a kiss from Snotlout?"

The sudden change of topic made Astrid look up. She might have been weak, she may have been shaking with cold, but she managed to give a snort that any Viking would have been proud of. "Snotlout? Are you

kidding me? After all the times you've seen meâ€¦Iâ€¦Hiccup!"

It had been years since she'd done it, but she leaned over and punched him on the shoulder again, just like she used to.

Although it made him wince, it also brought a half-smile to his face. "It was just a suggestion."

"Well, you know me better than that." she managed.

"Not really," Hiccup countered, his smile slipping as he spoke.

Astrid remembered all the times she'd knocked on his door, the summers where she'd asked him to come take a swim with her, the winters where she'd asked him to come build a snowman.

As a bit of a silence settled over them, Hiccup ran his fingers through his hair, staring down at his hands. "I'm sorry I got you into this mess," he mumbled. "And I'm sorry I can't get you out."

15. Bruise

Gift or Curse?

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Chapter 15: Bruise

**A/N: Thanks for waiting, guys :) I think this is where it begins to deviate from Frozen's ending. This never happened to Anna, did it? I mean, honestly, she never talked with Elsa, either, but still.. C: I've only seen the movie once, okay, I really only remember the angsty parts, because I just eat up angst C: Welllllll, I hope you enjoy this! :) **

* * *

><p>"Do you think they need to be alone like that for him to unfreeze it?" Mrs. Hofferson whispered.<p>

Stoick glanced tiredly at the wooden door. For a moment, his chief façade slipped. "I don't know. Maybe."

* * *

><p>Astrid was surprised by Hiccup's sudden apology, but she couldn't find a nice way to say what she was thinking. How could she tell him, 'it's okay'? It wasn't okay. He had frozen her heart, and he had no way to fix it. Neither did she. Who could call that okay?<p>

Hiccup glanced down at his hands, beginning to awkwardly twiddle his thumbs. Astrid remembered the habit from when he was younger. If things got too tense, too quiet, he played with his hands. The memory of it brought a faint smile to her face, until she saw the bruise

again. It was an ugly thing, all purple and red and blue, the beefy fingers that had grabbed him already beginning to show up a little better. He didn't notice, because he didn't roll his sleeve back down.

Astrid's smile slipped slightly as she put a hand over his. "Who did that to you?" she whispered. She watched Hiccup glance down at his arm, his gaze following hers. His hands shook slightly when he realized what she must mean.

"Oh, this?" he tried a smile that came out more like a grimace. "I'm a klutz, remember?"

"Not theâ€" Astrid stopped herself and shook her head.

"What?" he asked, fingers already grasping tightly at his sleeve. He began to slowly inch the sleeve back down, but Astrid kept a tight hold on his wrist, preventing him from doing so.

Astrid shrugged. "That's not the kind of injury you could get on your own. That's all I was going to say."

Hiccup's face paled. "It's not me you need to worry about," he said quietly, tensely. "It's you."

Astrid hugged her knees up to her chest, taking another quick glance at him. No matter how many times she saw him in that armor, she wasn't sure she would ever get used to it. "I'm sorry if it was my dad," she said instead. She was speaking in a determinedly light voice, trying to keep the conversation casual. Trying to go deep without looking like she was. "I know he's angry with you."

Hiccup winced slightly, touching the bruise lightly. He ran his fingers along it for a second before saying, "No, it wasn't your dad." His voice came out quiet and trembling.

Astrid could tell he wanted to change the subject. But she raised an eyebrow, taking his hand to examine the bruise for herself. "Well, that certainly isn't my mother. Her hands are way smaller than that." She decided to let the matter drop.

"Yeah," Hiccup responded quietly. "Umâ€|so are yours."

Astrid glanced down at her own hands, then back up at her friend. "I guess. Yours are smaller, though."

"Hmmm." Hiccup mused.

_Well, this is awkward, _Astrid thought to herself, beginning to fiddle with the spikes on her skirt. "Hey," she offered him a smile, "remember that snowman we built, back when we were kids? We gave him teeth and everything."

"Never a nose." Hiccup responded with a slight chuckle. "The poor thing walked around with no sense of smell."

"Yep," Astrid replied, scooting closer to him. She was close enough now to touch him, but she didn't. She kept her hands to herself after his bad reaction to her questions about his bruise. "We had enough stamina to give him teeth, but we didn't even grab a carrot like

regular kids."

"We weren't regular kids," Hiccup joked.

Astrid nodded, but after a pause, Hiccup added, "Well, that's not true. You were a regular kid. I wasn't." He held up his hands, showing off the bright blue palms. "I was the freak of Berk, if you recall."

"No, actually, I don't recall," Astrid responded lightly. "All I recall you being was my friend. And that was it."

Hiccup's smile was grateful and warm. "Astrid, Iâ€|thank you."

"For what?" she asked.

Hiccup shrugged; a bit of a blush began to creep along his cheekbones. "Doing this."

"I'm not doing anything." she grinned. "I'm sitting here talking your ear off and trying to ignore the adults outside."

"You're notâ€|"

But Astrid never heard the rest. Suddenly, she gave a terrible shiver, lay back against the wooden floor and moved not an inch.

16. Stand Aside

Gift or Curse?

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Chapter 16: Stand Aside

**A/N: Woohoo! :D Lots of drama! :D **

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><p>"Astrid!" Hiccup bolted from his seat, his hands shaking horribly as he knelt down next to his childhood friend. "Astrid, Astrid, Astrid, gods, please say you can hear meâ€|gods, Astrid, please be okayâ€|" he bent down next to her, putting his ear to her chest. Breathless seconds passed in which there was no sound.<p>

Theeeâ€|umpâ€|Theeeâ€|umpâ€|Theeeâ€|umpâ€| Her heart was beating so slowlyâ€| Hiccup wiped her bangs out of her face, staring down at her in pure horror. He gently shook her by the shoulders, trying to see if she would respond. "Astrid, please wake upâ€|wake up, you have to wake upâ€|" "Astrid?" There was a knock on the door, and Mrs. Hofferson's voice floated through. "What's going on in there?" Hiccup doubted he had the energy to respond. And besides that, what would he say? "I'm really sorry, your daughter's dead, please don't hate me?"

"Astrid, wake up, wake up, wake up!" he whispered urgently.
"C'monâ€¦you have to get upâ€¦I can't do this without you,
Astridâ€¦"

The door opened rather roughly and Stoick and Mrs. Hofferson both barreled in together, looking around for any sign of their daughter. Mrs. Hofferson's eyes locked onto the girl and she ran over, pushing Hiccup out of the way.

Hiccup sat there numbly, shaking with fright.

"Her heart's beating," Mrs. Hofferson reported, clearly relieved.
"Her heart's beating!"

Stoick's gaze fixed on Hiccup and he took a step towards the boy.
"What did you do?!"

Hiccup barely noticed the danger signs. For the first time he could remember, he didn't feel very scared of his father. All he felt was numb and shaky as he stared at his friend's pale face. "We were talking!" he protested through white lips. "I didn't do anything, she just collapsed!"

"C-cold." The word slipped from between Astrid's lips and Mrs. Hofferson nodded, patting her comfortingly.

"We'll get you somewhere warm, sweetheart," she promised, but the quiver in her voice was heard by all. She didn't know what to do. She looked down at her daughter desperately, then turned to Hiccup and his father. She didn't speak, but the look in her crystal blue eyes was clear.

"Isn't there anybody who could give her a true love's kiss?" Stoick asked, tearing his eyes away from his son's trembling form, turning at last to Astrid. Her skin was slowly turning blue, as if a crystal sheet of ice was growing on her body. "She's running out of time."

"I know she and the Jorgenson boy were rather friendly at one point," Mrs. Hofferson began hesitantly. "Perhaps he could help usâ€¦"

Hiccup dimly registered Mrs. Hofferson's suggestion, and his mouth quirked up into a bit of a smile as he remembered Astrid's reaction to that question. He imagined he could still feel his shoulder stinging from where she punched him.

But even as he reached up with a bit of a bittersweet smile to rub at his shoulder like he had when she had first done it, his father turned on him with a look of deepest hatred. "You handle your daughter, Grelod. I'll handle my son," he added with a murderous look in Hiccup's direction.

* * *

><p>She woke slowly, and her skin was like ice. She sensed somebody carrying her across a vast distance and maybe the land was a bit bumpy because she kept getting jolted. From somewhere very far away, she could hear shouts that sounded almost bloodthirsty, shouts of

approval.<p>

Slowly blinking open her eyes, she looked around, trying to spot the source of the commotion.

She drew in a breath when she recognized a rather blurry image of Hiccup, crouching on his knees in front of—Stoick the Vast?

Yes, she decided. That must have been Stoick. Nobody else on Berk had a beard quite that large.

Stoick appeared to be holding a weapon of some kind, maybe a sword based on how Hiccup flinched back from him. It was then that she noticed that they had given Hiccup a form of restraint; heavy metal shackles that completely encased his hands. She wasn't close enough to see his face, but she imagined the look of fear as his father approached him. And suddenly she thought she knew what the crowd was shouting about.

"SORCERER!"

"FREAK!"

"MONSTER!"

"ANY LAST WORDS?!"

Only one person didn't seem to be enjoying this. Gobber the blacksmith stood just on the outskirts of the crowd, watching with a kind of horrified fascination as Stoick drew closer and closer. She noticed him beginning to elbow through the crowd a bit, as if he wanted a better look, and her respect for him began to plummet. Gobber didn't seem to enjoy violence and blood as much as the other Vikings of Berk did, and that had always been what she liked best about him.

"Stoick!" Gobber cried from his place in front. "I can't let you do this."

"Gobber, he's a killer."

"That's your son."

"And he's a monster, a curse straight from Jokul Frosti!"

Hiccup seemed to be wilting under his father's harsh words; he sank to the ground, his knees trembling.

"You can't mean that!"

"Look at him! How on earth can you speak for him!"

"And how can you speak so badly of him!"

"Get out of my way, Gobber," Stoick scowled. "I have to finish this before he kills anybody else."

"He's never killed anyone!"

"LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED TO VAL!" Stoick yelled, as if he could no

longer contain himself. "AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HOFFERSON GIRL!"

Upon hearing her name, Astrid stirred, looking up into the face of her carrier. Her mother.

"Let me go," she commanded.

Mrs. Hofferson pursed her lips. "Astridâ€"

"Let me go!" she insisted again.

"Just lay back, you'll be feeling betterâ€"

Astrid might have been terribly weak, but her natural athleticism kicked in and she rolled out of her mother's arms and onto the ground. She let out a slight gasp as she hit the surface of the ice, her limbs shaking horribly from the cold.

"Take me over there," she insisted, pointing to where Hiccup was awaiting his sentence.

"Honeyâ€"

"Never mind." Astrid bolted to her feet and began to stumble over to where the crowd was, plunging in just before her mother caught her, forcing the woman to weave through the Vikings before catching her. Astrid threw herself farther into the crowd, struggling just to stand upright.

She had to grab onto Bucket's sleeve at one point and use it to haul herself up, but the man didn't seem to mind. He offered her the friendly, vacant smile he gave everyone and turned back to watch the execution.

Astrid didn't have time to think of him now. She elbowed, kicked, and punched to get her way to the front and, when she fell, weak-kneed, onto the icy ground once more, she saw Hiccup look up at her.

"Astrid!" he called, and was his voice trembling from terror or tears? "Astrid." He wasn't saying her name for any particular reason anymore; but it was so comforting to see her there, to know she was still hanging on.

"Hiccupâ€|" Astrid began to crawl towards him, but he only shrank back.

"Get away from me." he whispered quietly. "I don't want to hurt you."

She reached out to touch him, but he merely pulled away again.

The girl gave up, turning her attention instead to her chieftain.

"Stoickâ€|" she rose slowly to her feet, her legs trembling beneath her. "You can't do this."

Stoick the Vast couldn't believe his eyes. He'd assumed that the girl

wouldn't even make it to Snotlout's house, that she would die before ever coming to. Seeing her standing here in the flesh was a bit unnerving. "Youâ€|youâ€|"

"Don't do this." she commanded.

Gobber stepped away from Stoick, watching the girl and the man argue with something close to pride in his gaze.

Stoick's eyes hardened. "He tried to kill you!"

"No, he didn't!" Astrid could've stamped a foot in frustration. "He wasn't trying to hurt me! He was trying his hardest not to hurt us, why can't you understand that?"

"He's a monster!" Stoick howled, taking another step closer to her.

Frost crept up onto Astrid's shirt. She shivered.

"Stand aside." Stoick commanded.

Astrid lifted her chin. "I won't."

"Stand aside!"

"I won't!"

Stoick batted her to the ground roughly, rougher than the situation called, for Astrid landed on the icy ground with breathtaking impact. When she saw the chieftain holding the sword high above his head, she gathered the last of her strength, and did the only thing she really knew she could. She threw herself in front of the sword, one hand reaching up as if to stop the blade.

And Astrid Hofferson's body turned to ice.

17. The Great Thaw

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 17: The Great Thaw

A/N: Hi, guys! :) The Great Thaw :D do you guys like? The rest of the story will be settled in the next chapter, the epilogue. Or, they should be. I hope they will be.

* * *

><p>Hiccup looked up for only an instant to see Astrid's figure standing, covered in a thick ice encasement, and then he rose slowly to his feet, as if in a trance. He thought he heard his father landing on the icy ground with skull-crashing impact, but he couldn't be sure. The shackles around his ankles threatened to trip him up,

but he made it over to Astrid's body without incident. His hands shook inside their iron cuffs.<p>

He reached out to touch her, as if he was trying to make sure she was real. The moment the short chains stopped him, he turned suddenly, ice beginning to grow on the metal. He pulled at them roughly and they broke apart. The crowd drew back slightly at this display of power, watching as the winter king's green eyes narrowed.

"You," he hissed, taking a step towards Stoick. He barely looked at the cuffs on his ankles; even now, they were freezing as he walked, breaking off. "You!" he pitched himself towards Stoick, throwing everything he had at the chieftain.

Stoick suddenly found himself being attacked by somebody much smaller than he, but the icy blasts were nothing to joke about; he only just managed to combat most of them with his sword.

Hiccup thought he might still have been screaming, and were those tears blinding him, or just rage? He raised his hands out towards the man and he felt pretty sure the obscenities rolling off his tongue were things he had always longed to say.

The world seemed to shake and spin around him, turning a strange, hazy reddish color as he threw another burst of power the chieftain's way. The man knocked it aside easily with his sword; Hiccup's aim was impaired due to rage, but it was still frighteningly close.

"Hiccup!"

The crowd was beginning to scatter, running as far and fast as they could away from the winter boy, as far as they could get from somebody as surely crazy as he was.

"Hiccup." Gentle hands encased Hiccup's shaking, freezing cold fists, holding them tightly. "Hiccup."

Hiccup fought against the restraining arms, warm and comforting as they felt. "Let me go!" he snarled. "Let me go!"

"Hiccup." He now recognized the voice as Gobber's. "Hiccup. Don't be the monster they fear you are."

"Let me go!" he commanded, trying to sound strong and angry. Why didn't his voice want to obey him? His legs shook beneath him. Did he hit the ground? Was that him sliding slowly onto the frozen grass?

"Let it go." Gobber whispered, rubbing Hiccup's arms in a soothing way. "Just let it go, Hiccup."

Hiccup used a burst of energy and perhaps a blast of ice to break away from Gobber, but he didn't use it to approach his father; he instead ran to Astrid, enveloping her in an embrace, burying his face in her shoulder. Was he crying, then? Were those tears freezing on his face?

The wind howled fiercely around them and Gobber stared sadly at them for a second before turning his attention to Stoick. The man was

getting to his feet again, his face twisted into a scowl when his gaze found Hiccup.

"Stand down, Stoick." Gobber cautioned, putting a hand on the chieftain's chest.

"He's killed her," Stoick was breathing heavily. "He's killed her, she's frozen solid"

"Stoick." Gobber said in a firmer voice. "Stand down."

His son was completely unaware of anything around him, it seemed, sinking to his knees on the icy ground. "I'm sorry, Astrid," he breathed. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry"

And what a world of grief he must have been in, what a world of pain and panic, for he didn't notice the edges of Astrid's boots beginning to turn a bit black, nor the hem of her skirt regaining its crimson hue

But where the thaw truly started was her heart, dead center in her chest, spreading slowly outward, turning her shirt silver and her neck the beautiful color it had been, beautiful because pink meant life. It meant she was living and breathing and not frozen, and Hiccup cried harder when the word 'frozen' went through his brain.

"Hiccup!" Gobber abandoned his attempts to calm Stoick for a moment, tapping the boy on the shoulder. "Look!" he pointed to Astrid, whose sky blue eyes were beginning to move again, her whole body beginning to relax.

Hiccup took one look up, and let out a scream, like he couldn't believe it. A rather high-pitched, and very un-Viking-like scream, but who was judging, in a situation like this?

Astrid stared at him for a second before her face spread into a slow smile, stretching a little. She glanced around the deserted icy wasteland, her smile beginning to fade as she turned on her friend.

"Astrid!" Hiccup embraced her tightly; the girl noticed his arms were shaking as they encased her, and somehow they were free of those shackles. How much had she missed when she was frozen, and how long had she been frozen?

"Hiccup?"

"You're not frozen, you're not frozen!" Hiccup's icy fingers traveled up and down her arm, exploring the warmth in her skin for himself. "How" "what" "?" he looked uncertainly up at her, blinking large green eyes. "How?" he asked.

For a moment, Astrid herself wasn't sure. "Uh" she glanced down at her clearly-not-frozen body, and then" then, of course, she smiled, turning her gaze back to Hiccup. "True love will thaw a frozen heart," she recited quietly.

Hiccup's eyes widened. "You" "you thawed" "because you sacrificed yourself for me?" the hopeful look in his eyes, as though he needed

to be told somebody loved him, hurt Astrid's heart.

So, though a million other responses threatened to slip out, she said simply, "Of course."

And then of course, the villagers began peeking out of their hiding spots, realizing the storm was beginning to calm.

"Waitâ€¦loveâ€¦" Hiccup looked down at his hands, and he did smile then, smiling even though he was crying, too. "Love! Astrid, that's it, it's love! You're brilliant!" his joyful hug felt warmer than his frigid body. He pulled away from her, turning to the winter scene around them.

Taking a deep breath, he twirled his hands the opposite way, the other way from when he created ice. If this didn't work, what was he to do?

But he somehow knew that this was going to work. Somehow, he knew that it was.

He raised his hands and then he concentrated, but he didn't concentrate on melting the snow. Instead, he thought about his mother as he stared at the docks, the ships all frozen over with ice, frost covering their sails. His mind flickered to Astrid as the snow slowly began melting off the rooftops, rising into the air in a beautiful snowflake shape. And then his gaze fell on Gobber, who was talking to Stoick about something, scowling at the chieftain as he spoke. And although Hiccup had secretly dreaded each visit from the blacksmith, perhaps there was a part of him that treasured them, too, because the thought of Gobber sped up the melting a bit as well.

As all the snow rose slowly from its places, it formed a truly gigantic snowflake in the brilliant blue sky and then it simply disappeared. And, for what felt like the first time in forever, Hiccup smiled.

18. Fall From Grace

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 18: Fall From Grace

A/N: Okay. Stoick's comeuppance, I guess? This chapter is really just okay. It was meant to be the last one, but it got all awkwardly long. Should it be the last one, or should I do a kinda short nineteenth chapter for the final thing?

* * *

><p>There were things to be taken care of, of course.<p>

For one thing, none of the villagers even wanted to get close to Hiccup, even after Astrid thawed and he found the way to melt the

snow. And, no matter how much Gobber yelled at him, Stoick did not seem to care much that he had been on the brink of executing his only son. In fact, he was quoted upon saying that he only wished that Astrid had gotten there a bit slower.

But the villagers begged Stoick to put his son in a holding cell, and this was the last act as chief of Berk Stoick did. His fall from grace happened like this.

Hiccup was kept in his holding cell for only a few hours before a knock came at the door and Gobber entered, his brown eyes sad for the boy in front of him.

"Hiccup," he whispered, taking a seat on the dirty ground. He noticed a bruise just beneath the sleeve of Hiccup's ice armor, turning deep purple and angry red.

"What are they going to do to me, Gobber?" Hiccup's voice was suddenly very small and weak; the calm and collected boy Gobber had known before discovering his powers had vanished. "Are they gonna kill me?"

Gobber sighed sadly, looking at the scared boy in front of him. "Not on my watch," he whispered. "Not in a million years."

"Why aren't you scared of me?" Hiccup whispered. "Why aren't you scared of me, the way they are? I meanâ€¦I could kill you with one blast." he shuddered at the very thought.

"But you won't," Gobber responded confidently. "You forget that I've known you for years. And in all that time that I've known you, I have never seen you react in anger irrationally, or ever intentionally harm anyone. I trust you not to hurt me, or anybody else."

Hiccup looked miserably down at his hands. "I wish they thought like you did."

"Astrid does," Gobber reminded him, nudging Hiccup in the ribs with his elbow.

This earned a slight smile from the boy, but it quickly faded. "They know I'd never hurt them," he whispered worriedly. "I just want to show them that."

"I know." Gobber's hand found the boy's shoulder and he gave it a reassuring squeeze. "I think what they really need is time. They need you to show them that you're gentle."

"It's like they think I'm a wild animal," Hiccup whispered. "Or like they think I'm unstable. They won't talk to me, none of them, and when they do, it's in this condescending voice, like they think I'm stupid or something. They try to soothe me, as if I'm going to start another eternal winter." he finished off his tirade with a scowl. Even when he was angry, he was still speaking softly, his voice never once rising. Gobber noticed a hint of frost creeping up the walls and glanced back down; Hiccup's hands were not shackled.

The walls of the holding cell were flimsy, and Gobber suspected Hiccup could have gotten out of this room easily. The fact that he was still there seemed to say a lot.

Hiccup pulled his knees up to his chest, hugging them. As he shifted, Gobber noticed the bruise again, spreading as far up his arm as the blacksmith could see. There were finger marks that turned the bruise a bit pinker in some areas than in others, and the blemish looked recent and ugly and frightening.

"Hiccup?" Gobber asked as a suspicion began to grow in his mind. "Can I ask you something?"

Hiccup glanced up at him, a hint of a guarded expression on his face, but he nodded wordlessly, and Gobber took this as a good sign.

"If you don't want to answer, I understand, but, uh—" and then he hesitated, his mouth drawing down at the corners. He considered backtracking, asking himself how he could be so insensitive. But he needed to know if his thoughts were correct. "—Did your father ever—ever beat you?"

Hiccup's green gaze instantly flicked away from the blacksmith, and he didn't answer for a long moment, picking at pieces of lumber on the wooden chair. He flicked them off onto the floor, and he still didn't answer, then, but Gobber didn't need him to. Replaying the events in his head, he realized it made perfect sense.

He remembered when Stoick had first come back from his voyage and Hiccup's clear nervousness at seeing his father again, his reluctance to greet him at the docks. At the time, Gobber had chalked it up to their bad relationship. It was pretty clear the two of them never even acted like family, for Thor's sake, but the mere idea of Stoick putting his hands on the boy in front of him—Gobber's chest constricted in rage.

He remembered his horror and confusion when Stoick had spoken of forcing Hiccup to stop the winter, talking about beating it out of him—how could he have been so stupid? How could he not have seen then? Even when Stoick gave him all the answers, and even when it was right there in front of him, he had chosen not to believe.

And then when Stoick had come back from Hiccup's island holding the unconscious boy in his arms, told Gobber he wished he was dead, Gobber remembered feeling the desire to take the boy away from the man. He had tried to take him politely, offering to bring him down to the dungeons, but Stoick was a stubborn man and he had refused. Gobber's thoughts sped up as he remembered how Stoick had been down in those dungeons an awfully long time, doing something he called "convincing" Hiccup to stop the winter. Mrs. Hofferson had been down there, too. Had she somehow managed not to hear anything? Or worse, Gobber wondered. Had she heard something and ignored it completely?

And then his thoughts went back a bit farther, to before he even knew about Hiccup's powers, before he even understood the reasons behind the boy's shy skittishness. He remembered the little boy always had dark circles under his eyes from no sleep, and bruises up and down his arms and legs from running and tripping, he often said. Gobber remembered trying to broach the subject of these bruises shortly after Stoick had gone on his voyage. They were fading and brown, but still littered on his skin, so painfully obvious.

Gobber remembered taking the boy's skinny arm in one hand and staring down at the brown spots of color, trying to remember where Hiccup had gotten these.

And Hiccup had tried to pull his arm away gently, making the familiar joke about being a klutz. Gesturing to one particularly nasty one on his leg, he'd said with a smile that perhaps didn't quite reach his eyes, "I think the stairs just hate me."

And hadn't Gobber laughed? Hadn't he accepted the joke as an excuse, however transparent it was? Why hadn't he looked deeper? And why hadn't he noticed those bruises fading, and no new ones showing up while Stoick was away? A brief time where there was only pale skin, and then the purple and blue marks began showing up again.

Only, the next time, Gobber didn't comment on them, because it was clear now where he got them. He was clumsy. Right?

It was all laid out before the blacksmith now, and he closed his eyes with a groan. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" Hiccup tilted his head curiously.

"Iâ€¦I just didn't see it before and it was all right there. I just should have looked harder, and we wouldn't be in this situation right now, would we?"

Hiccup shrugged, but the faintest of blushes tainted his cheeks. "It doesn't matter. I think it's pretty obvious that he's not gonna hurt me, I'm pretty sure he's just gonna kick me off the island."

Gobber's eyes darkened. "No, he's not."

"I'd rather be kicked off the island than have to stay with him." Hiccup shrugged Gobber's hand off his shoulder, glaring up at the blacksmith.

"You're not getting kicked off the island." Gobber replied, rising from his seat. "Trust me, he is."

* * *

><p>Gobber didn't remember much else from his visit to Hiccup, but he did seem to recall himself heading for the door and Hiccup calling, "No, no, no, no, no, this is a bad idea, Gobberâ€¦!"

Though exactly what they had been speaking of, he couldn't remember. All he knew was he had stalked resolutely to the chief's hut dragged him outside, and that they had had it out. Although, for some reason, the actual words exchanged were forgotten and the whole scene was remembered as a blurry red haze in Gobber's mind.

"How could you do that to a child?" Gobber distinctly heard himself yelling. And why were Stoick's brows drawing down into a confused expression?

"What are you even talking about?" Stoick bellowed back.

"Hiccup!" Gobber responded, and he realized then that the volume of

his voice was starting to draw quite the crowd.

Stoick was mostly being quiet, but his eyes flicked nervously between Gobber and the crowd, as if he realized how bad this looked. "I haven't done anything to him."

Gobber folded his arms, absolutely boiling with rage, longing to hit the man with everything he had. "Are you really going to try and get out of this with an excuse as pathetic as that? That's almost as bad as the lie Hiccup told about being clumsy every damn time he had a bruise!"

Stoick's face remained expressionless. "He killed his mother. Are you telling me he doesn't deserve punishment for that?"

"He was four years old!" Gobber yelled, practically hysterical with rage by now. "_Four years old_", Stoick, and you know that blizzard covered the whole island! There is no way Hiccup could have caused a storm like that at that age! "_Four years old_", and you're going to blame Val's death on _him_?"

"You don't know what he's like!" Stoick roared. "You don't know how dangerous he is, none of you! Don't you remember that blizzard, the blizzard of Olaf?"

"Yes, because a _child_ could definitely cause something like that!" Gobber quipped. "You're disgusting!"

"I am not!"

"You made a child deal with not only grief, but you made him live in fear of you! At the time he needed you most, all you did was hurt him. You could have been there for him, but oh, no, Thor forbid you ever think of anybody besides yourself!"

Stoick went scarlet. "I was thinking of somebody else, I was thinking of Val! Why would I ever want to comfort her killer?!"

"You go on and on and on about Hiccup being this dangerous monster, but the only monster on Berk is the one right in front of me!" Gobber howled, and he was pretty sure he let out a string of obscenities, too, and was that the crowd agreeing with him, taking his side?

Yes, it must have been, he realized, his heart still thumping in rage. Vikings though they may be and they may be a rough and violent lot, but turning that violence on children was still something a Hooligan would never, ever do.

"You don't even deserve to be chief!" Gobber bellowed, and this seemed to seal the idea in the Vikings' minds, and soon they began shouting their agreement.

"What?" Stoick was completely speechless, looking about himself, unable to comprehend why his village looked so angry. "He's a monster!" he thundered, but Gobber ignored him, turning instead to the people of Berk.

"It's not for me to decide." And here, his voice took on a note of calm as he looked around at them all, though his eyes still glinted with rage when they focused on Stoick. "But I personally think that

this man should be banished on the spot, no questions asked. Is anyone else in agreement with me? Please raise your hand if you are."

A few people did raise their hands, but some stayed down, loyalty to their chieftain keeping them silent. And plenty more villagers cried out not for his banishment, but for his blood. And the ones that were left simply left the decision up to Gobber.

The man counted the people voting firstly for his banishment, then the ones still loyal. And then the ones calling for his blood.

Reluctantly, he conceded that more people seemed to want him banished.

Stoick the Vast was sent off the island, stripped of his honor, his dignity, and his tribe, and the blacksmith could not truthfully say he was sorry to see him go.

And then he tried to gently point out to the people that, if Stoick was gone, then Hiccup was to be their new chief. Quite a few rebelled, but others, finding within themselves a new sympathy for the young Viking, nodded passively in agreement.

"He's not interested in hurting us," Gobber informed the rebels. "I've spoken with him privately for years. In all the time that I've known him, never once has he made a violent move."

"Aye." Spitelout nodded in confirmation. "I think he's the gentlest Viking I've ever known."

"And he could have easily stopped his father from hurting him." Astrid pointed out from somewhere in the crowd. Gobber couldn't see her, but he wanted to send her a grateful smile. "He could have hurt Stoick, once his powers grew stronger, but he never tried."

Upon seeing the frozen girl, as the village had begun to call her, a brave soul or two yelled out, "But he froze your heart!"

"It was an accident." Astrid replied, noticing how Gobber was beginning to open his mouth in disbelieving outrage. "He just lost control."

"How do we know he won't lose control like that again?" demanded somebody else.

Gobber made an offended noise in the back of his throat, but Astrid handled the situation before the blacksmith could blow it out of proportion. "True love can thaw a frozen heart," she recited softly.

Was that something softening in the villagers' faces, Astrid wondered, or was it just her imagination?

19. Do You Want to Build a Snowman?

Gift or Curse?

Hiccup Haddock can't be sure whether his strange powers over winter are a gift...or just a terrible, terrible curse. Plot of Frozen (with a few changes) characters of HTTYD. Rated T for child abuse and a mentally unstable parent a.k.a, two of the changes.

Chapter 19: Do You Want to Build a Snowman?

A/N: Wow. I can't believe how many reviews, follows and favorites this story has. I only have nineteen chapters and a little over twenty thousand words, and this is what I get in return? Wow! Thank you all. I hope you guys had a fun time reading this, because I had a lot of fun writing it. Thank you. Thank you for reading this, even if it was just the first chapter. And if it was more, thank you for deeming this worthy of your time, even if I don't think it is. Thank you all so much for making this story a fun experience for me.

**I'm considering doing a sequel, and, seeing as Frozen doesn't have a sequel right now, it would be something from my own imagination. My friend is really encouraging me to write something else for this AU, and I have to say I am convinced that it'd be just as much fun as this one was. Merging the worlds of Arandelle and Berk was something I've never tried before, and I'm really pleased with the result. Ignoring the fact that the first few chapters were saved in Microsoft Word simply as 'my shame'. I honestly didn't like the first few chapters, but they've kinda grown on me :) And I actually sorta like this story now. **

**Speaking of sequels, I have so many new stories on the back burner to post once I finish up a few - Starlight, Star Bright, Overachiever and I Didn't Mean to Hurt You, Too. _Son of Thor, Family Portrait, Broken Dreams, A Proper Viking Son..._ So many stories! If any of those sound appealing to you, let me know! I need help picking which one to post first anyway! **

* * *

><p>Astrid was the one, in the end, to tell Hiccup about his father's banishment, practically skipping through the dungeon halls as she gripped his hand, running through the dark corridors, her words flowing from her so fast Hiccup wondered how she still had enough breath to keep going.<p>

"Isn't it just _amazing_" she breathed, turning around to look at him, her grip on his hand tightening. His heart jolted when he realized she wasn't releasing his hand.

He smiled a little, before a thought occurred to him. "If he's goneâ€|then who's going to be the next chieftain? Gobber, I suppose?"

Astrid's smile faded and she rolled her pretty blue eyes. "You idiot," she said affectionately. "It's gonna be you, when you're old enough. For right now, they're saying that fourteen is too young to lead a village, so Spitelout's gonna be taking over for the really big stuff, but you'll be pretty busy and all. They want to prepare you to be Chief as best they can so they don't have a clueless teenager walking in here in a couple years with no clue how to lead them all."

Hiccup's eyebrows flew up into his hair. He felt dazed from everything that had happened lately, but this news was what really took his breath away. Setting off an eternal winter? He was pretty sure he'd more or less expected himself to do that one day, whether accidentally or on purpose. But finding the way to thaw the ice and banish the eternal winter and regaining the village's trust in him, to the point where they'd allow him to be chief one day? "Wow!"

"I know!" Astrid's enthusiasm for him was catching and soon he felt a smile growing on his own face.

Her blue eyes sparkling, she added, "The winter's been gone for three days, and already a few people are complaining about how hot it's become. Maybe you could _cool_ them down a bit."

Hiccup couldn't help but laugh lightly, but the mere idea of trying to use his power again, especially for Berk, was strange and frightening. So strange, in fact, and so frightening, that it almost made him want to run away again, back to his ice fortress. Almost.

But he still went out there again, in the sunlight, he still tried his hardest to smile at the villagers and not shrink down, the way he had been taught. With Astrid by his side and Gobber shooting dirty looks at anybody who so much as breathed funny when Hiccup passed, the boy felt a lot better about things.

And though it took days, weeks actually, before the village found the courage to ask and before Hiccup found the courage to say yes, he finally stood in the village square, his hands out, pointing to the sky. "Are you ready?" he couldn't stop the smile breaking out over his face as he looked around at all the people watching him, waiting for him to make the magic that had so terrified them once.

A few people in the crowd nodded, and Hiccup took this as his cue. Twirling his hands, calling forth the power, the snowflakes began to fall from the sky. Slowly, the people began to cheer as they stared up into the snow, and Hiccup slammed his boot down on the ground, icing the whole ground over, creating the safest skating rink possible.

The people began to glide around the frozen ground, couples skating hand-in-hand, some trying to brave the slippery ice alone.

Hiccup watched the people for awhile, because although he had great faith in his clumsiness without magic, he didn't have great faith in his grace _with_ it. He highly doubted his own ability to skate, but luckily, Astrid took the problem off his hands.

She made her unsteady way over to him, brushing her bangs out of her eyes, feeling a grin breaking out over her face. Throwing her arms around him, they stood there for a moment in the snow and ice. When she pulled away, he saw her cheeks were pink from the cold.

"Hiccup?"

He couldn't help noticing that her forehead was against his.
"Yes?"

And then his mouth went dry, because she seemed to be gearing up to ask an important question, one she was almost afraid to ask. There was a pause as she stood there, one arm still around his neck, the other tugging at her braid as she considered.

Was she going to ask about them? Hiccup wondered worriedly. Was she going to ask if they were friends again or if they wereâ€|no. He instantly shut it down. He would not go that route today.

"Do you want to build a snowman?"

He blinked, taken aback. "What?"

"Do you want to build a snowman?"

"Oh!" And then he blushed as bright red as a cherry. "Ofâ€|of course I want to build a snowman with you."

"C'mon, then." Astrid planted a kiss on his cheek, skating past him to get to the other end of the ice rink, where snow was piling up.

His hand flying instantly to where she'd kissed him, he felt himself beginning to blush for a second as he asked himself the question he'd assumed Astrid was going to. What were they now? Friends? More?

And did it really matter if even he wasn't completely sure of the answer? All that mattered was that he was going to be building a snowman with Astrid, after ten long, lonely years.

End
file.